

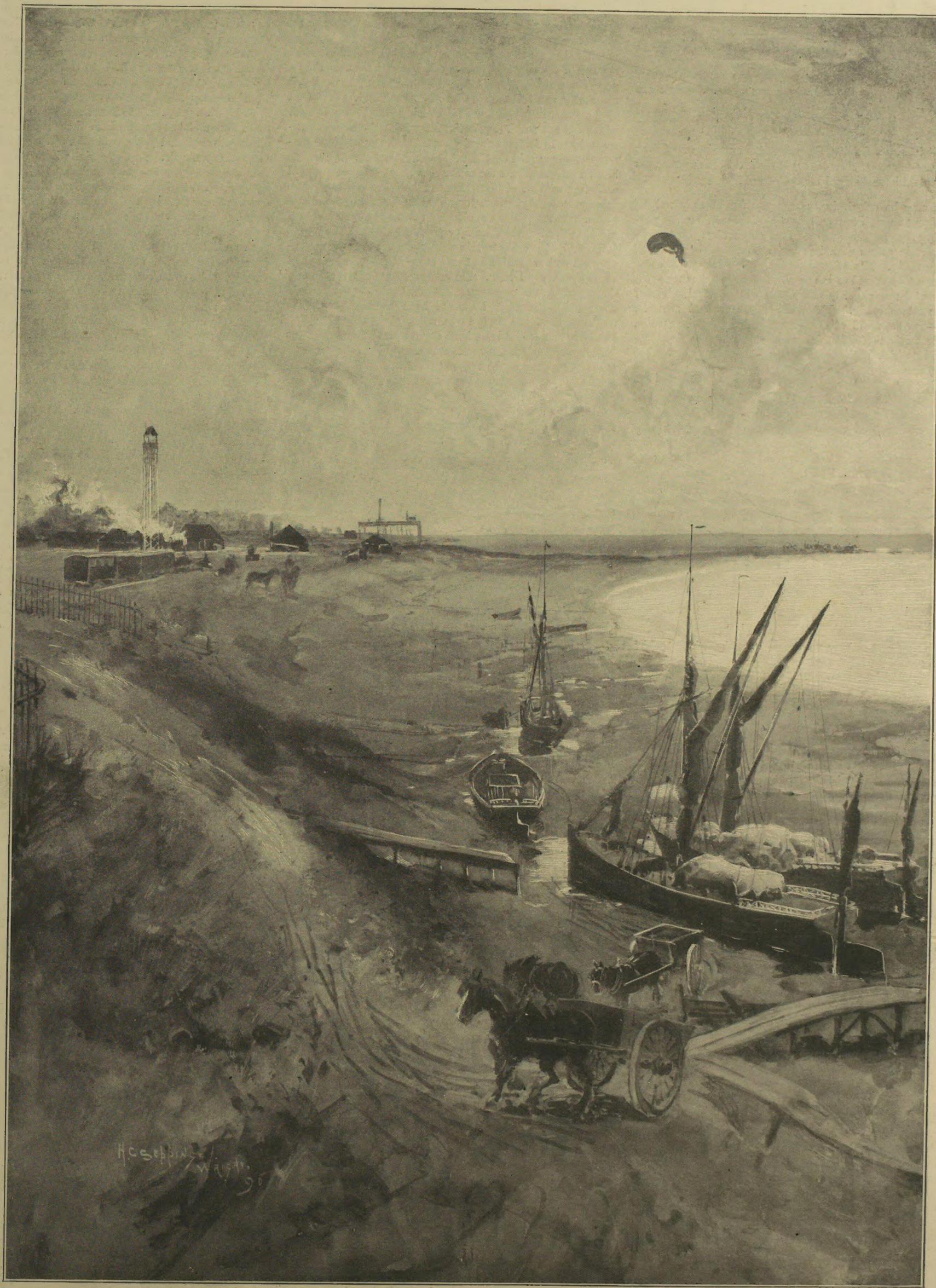
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 3009.—VOL. CIX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1896.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MILITARY BALLOONING: EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBURYNESS.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In a law case the other day I was pleased to see it decided that a house being full of fleas is a sufficient cause for the tenant declining to live in it. The Judge also stated, what I am not so willing to accept, that these little creatures are not to be discerned in the daytime. However, that only made the tenant's plea the stronger, since, in "going over the house," they must have escaped his observation; it was not a case of entering upon possession "with his eyes open." Hitherto the law has treated tenants as though they were jurymen, who might be inconvenienced to any extent short of being poisoned. Fleas especially have come under the contemptuous formula, "De minimis non curat lex"; and the popular phrase, "a mere flea-bite," has corroborated this view. Moreover, it is not everybody who attracts the attentions of these insects. Lodging-house keepers, for example, are presumably invulnerable to their attacks. There is a gruesome verse, however, extant about how the nightly hours of their guests are passed—

One of sleeping, three of scratching,  
Four of hunting, none of catching!

A well-known politician, describing his experiences of fleas at a seaside resort, observes: "If they had been unanimous they would have dragged me out of bed!"

It may be asked, however, why should they not be intelligent enough to "pull together," since there are performing fleas? There are such, of course, but the fact is, like certain actors with less numerous legs, they perform mechanically. The advertisement of the lost performing flea who "answered to the name of George" was merely a dodge of the manager to enhance the intellectual merits of his insect company. Yet acting fleas are not common fleas—dog fleas and cat fleas, and bird fleas are no use in the dramatic profession; they must be human fleas, the finest of which come from Russia—though we never see them classed among the "imports"—packed in pill-boxes and downed in cotton-wool. In England they are generally supplied to the trade, Frank Buckland, who investigated this interesting subject, tells us, by elderly females, the price varying from threepence a dozen in summer to six-pence a dozen in winter. On one occasion a manager, one of whose performers had vanished without leaving an understudy, is recorded to have paid sixpence for a single flea, produced by an ostler on the spur of the moment: untrained as it was it saved the piece. Some fleas learn their parts with more facility than others, though they all look alike in the vial bottles in which the "natives" are supplied, and "against which their little horny heads make a distinct noise as if you tapped it with your finger-nail." They quarrel in the bottles as men do in their cups, but never bite one another, only kick. The satirist who wrote of "other fleas to bite 'em and so ad infinitum," consequently traduced their characters.

Moreover, they have no sympathy with an insect which is too often associated with them in the mind of the housewife, the Norfolk Howard. Buckland describes a battle royal between some fleas and one of these creatures, where the N.H. had much the worst of it, "and beat an ignoble retreat into a bit of flannel." Difficult as it is allowed to be to catch one of these lively insects, it would seem as impossible (though for different reasons) to put anything round his neck as to put a hook in the nose of Leviathan, yet this is done quite easily by beginners by help of a magnifying-glass and afterwards without it. "The depression between its neck and body makes a capital holdfast for a bit of glass-silk," and that is all the harness it requires. A coach and four (fleas) gets along at a tolerable pace, though "one pane of glass in the windows is equal to the weight of a hundred fleas." They are also "taught" to fire cannon. The performer is, however, fixed in his chair, and when the piece explodes "there is nobody more astonished than the gunner." He takes his meals from the back of the hand of his proprietor—literally biting the hand that feeds him—who after a while feels no inconvenience from the slight depletion. These vivacious little creatures do not live long—perhaps the sword wears out the scabbard—but Frank Buckland once knew a patriarchal flea who for eighteen months occupied himself in pulling up a little bucket from a well; he believes he died purely of "old age," for he was found dead one day, "faithful to his post, with his bucket drawn half way up the well."

One of the many French publicists, whose ignorance of this country is only equalled by their malevolence towards it, has been speaking against *perfidie Albion* for its colonising Australia, where the French were the first comers, and, by his own showing, failed to do it. The peculiarity of his attack, however, is his going so far back for a grievance. How do people manage, I wonder, to lash themselves into a passion about grievances which, even if they are such, are matters of ancient history? The Irish seem to be masters of this accomplishment. They don't like Englishmen because, hundreds of years ago, their ancestors didn't like Oliver Cromwell. The Corsicans are also experts in setting ashes alight which have been dead and cold for ages. This is not fair to other people, who do not possess the secret of thus providing themselves with excitement. If somebody's

grandfather—to take a comparatively recent case of injury—behaved ill to my grandfather (a most respectable and inoffensive old gentleman), I should no more think of paying out his grandson for it than of kicking a French poodle because William the Conqueror invaded England. One would imagine that these hereditary haters had nobody to quarrel with upon his own account, which, however, seems to be by no means the case.

Those who have had the good fortune to have had anything left to them often complain of the drawback attached to it in the importunities of their poor relations. "Now that you are so rich, Cousin John, I have the less hesitation in pressing upon you the natural claim of kinship." When only twenty-five pounds has been left to us, and we have fifty cousins, these applications are embarrassing to a generous disposition, and the more so, since they cannot be persuaded that it is not ten times as much. In a recent law case (in which, moreover, the legatee, if he can be called such, has got into trouble) a gentleman we will call Mr. Alibi has been placed in an unusually painful position of this character. A friend of his was the proprietor of a Missing Word Competition, which did not much tax the intelligence of those who subscribed to it. As the prize was certain to be gained by somebody, it was agreed that Mr. A. should—not exactly have it, but be advertised as the winner—a great convenience and a distinct saving. This victim to friendship seems to have foreseen calamity, and to have stipulated for only moderate gains. "Don't pile it up, old man; don't put upon me (as if it were a bet!) more than fifty pounds a week." His profits (or rather the other man's profits) were, however, prodigious, and excited a natural suspicion of the recipient of so much good luck. He seems to have been greatly distressed by his cross-examination, but that was a trifle compared with what he must have endured from the applications of the needy! In a higher station of life all the Charities would have been down upon him, and all the Missionary Societies, as well as those marvellous requests for subscriptions to the Chancery fund in Little Paddington-in-the-Marsh; but even as things were, how that good-natured creature (who, one prefers to think, got no consideration for his services) must have suffered with fifty pounds a week "found money," and not a shilling to lend to his mother-in-law!

I have received several communications from ancient but unknown correspondents with reference to the resentment of old people (alluded to in a recent Note) at the sympathetic and compassionate tone in which they are usually addressed. In this feeling they are all agreed, though it is to be remarked that their health in every instance is exceptionally good, some of them even admitting that they have never had an ache or a pain in their lives, which somewhat invalidates the typical character of their testimony. Nevertheless, their cheerfulness and courage are pleasant to reflect upon, and also their resolute determination "to see the end of the game," however it may go. "Even though we may be approaching our second childhood," writes one dear old lady who tells me she is eighty-five, "we do not like to be treated as children; and just as children dislike people attempting to amuse them in a babyish manner with things they have outgrown, so do we old folks resent attentions, however well meant, of a similar description." When friends tell her she is "a wonder," she is reminded of a certain saying of Dr. Johnson respecting quite another matter: "It is not well done; what is the wonder about it is that it is done at all." On entering the room she wishes her friends would not adjure her "not to rise," or ask if she is "fairly well"; and when they depart, she thinks it superfluous in them to express the hope that they haven't "tired" her. She thinks it a detestable form of annoyance to be proud of one's age, and she must be altogether a most sensible old lady. The contemptuous remarks of one of my patriarchal correspondents about "mere physical pain" would be worthy of a Stoic philosopher if he had not confessed that he had had no personal experience of it. Their testimony, as a whole, however, is most assuring; though, as I have said, it is that of persons of exceptional strength of mind and body—"the testimony of the Rocks."

The poet, "faithful and farseeing," has always been considered a prophet, though of no greater exactitude than other vaticinators. Darwin, however, in his "Botanic Garden" (1781) has a direct allusion to the motor-car—

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam, afar  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.

It has, it must be confessed, been some time about it, but it has done it at last. It is possible that the rest of the poet's prophecy may have its fulfilment—

Or, on wide-waving wings expanded bear  
The flying chariot through the fields of air.

The information that a scientist has been "hovering over" Chicago in a vehicle of this kind has already come to hand, but needs a little corroboration. "Hover," however, is good; it seems to indicate command of the machine, with none of that inclination for precipitate descent which belongs to aerial inventions.

In consequence of a fatal accident having happened to a wagoner at Aldershot through the horses being frightened by a military band, the Duke of Connaught

has ordered that all bands shall cease playing when passing restive horses on a public road. This is most right and proper; but how often do we see this precaution omitted by bands that are not military, and are therefore under no obligation to continue playing! Even when ladies are put in fear and probable danger I have seen men beating their drums and blowing their fifes with brutal indifference, while horses rear with terror. The bandsmen of the Salvation Army are great offenders in this way, though one would think that their professed principles would have taught them better. Music is said to soothe the savage breast, but it certainly does not teach those that practise it in our streets consideration for other people. Perhaps the poet only referred to good music.

It is not unusual for popular novelists to write essays, but the "Character Notes" which have been recently published by Mr. Merriman and his collaborator (Mr. Tallentyre) are, so far as I know, a new departure. It would be ingratitude indeed to call so excellent a work a waste of talent, but it does seem extravagant, even in a prolific story-teller, to have used such admirable material in so lavish a manner. It is not too much to say that in these four-and-twenty sketches there are almost as many characters as would have sufficed for the chief personage in as many novels. In the serial where they made their anonymous appearance they excited, as I happen to know, a very marked curiosity among persons who do not generally concern themselves with "light literature," and not without cause. The knowledge of human nature they exhibit is quite remarkable, while the skill of the writers invests them with an interest that it would seem impossible to evoke by mere impersonal studies. Though the sketches are very brief, they are complete, and so well dovetailed that it is difficult to extract from them without doing them injustice; nor is it easy, where so high an average degree of excellence has been obtained, to make a selection. "The Money-Spinner," which gives its name to the book, describes one of those hard-working City men who has made his way to the top of the ladder from a low round of it, and has a fashionable family, who spend his money very freely, but with little gratitude and some contempt for its provider and his early struggles. They are able to say with a very laudable pride that they keep "the house warm" and give the servants "something to do," and are wont to add that there is nothing like a large house-party for keeping up poor old papa's spirits—

And yet one would scarcely think the house-party has an enlivening effect upon him. When he creeps downstairs forlornly he is apt to encounter elegant young ladies in travelling costumes ascending his staircase, followed by immense trunks. Beyond the fact that they are going to be his visitors, a fact which, under the circumstances, any fool could guess, he knows neither who has invited them, nor how long they propose to stay, nor even what are their names. That they are equally ignorant with regard to him is revealed to him by overhearing one of them ask another, "Whoever is that old thing?"

He sits at the head of the table in a rarely broken silence. The young men talk across him, after dinner, on subjects of which he knows nothing. Occasionally one or other of them thinks that the old boy seems rather out of things, and attempts to draw him into the conversation. But they soon find out he has never been at Oxford, and is, consequently, impossible. So he is left to finger his wine-glass with bent hands that shake a little, and says nothing.

These character sketches are not exactly humorous, but have a tone of half pathos, half sarcasm, the whole being surrounded by an atmosphere of the broadest charity. "My Lord" is an admirable portrait, in miniature yet at full length. He has lived "all his life," and spent two fortunes in extravagance and excess; his manners and morals are those of the Regency; his anecdotes are of the Court, and require to be Bowdlerised for decent society; he has been, in fact, a sad old scoundrel, and, quite impenitent, comes to spend his last few years alone at his own place. The gentleness and innocence of Miriam, his chaplain's wife, effect very little of good indeed, but more than any other influences have done. As he sinks (not altogether) earthward he likes her to be with him—

On Sunday Miriam reads the Order for Morning Prayer with my Lord stumbling through the responses. The situation strikes him as ludicrous at first, but Miriam is very sweet and grave and good. He hears the rhythm of her voice in the tender majesty of the old prayers as one hears sweet singing in a dream. Miriam is infinitely conscientious, and reads them, every one. And when the Chaplain points out to her that, in consideration of the patient's weakness, she might omit to pray for the Parliament, my Lord from his bed says, "No, no! Dammy, they need it," and begs that Miriam may be left to her own devices.

When the end comes, he babbles not, alas! of green fields, but of wild experiences with Prince Hal—

Once he starts from his pillow with an oath. By his bedside Miriam is kneeling bewildered, a white figure in the half-darkness. He repeats the snatches of a wild song in his dying voice, and cries with an exceeding bitter cry the name of the son who disgraced him. But before he dies, for one quiet moment his reason comes back to him. And the last impression on the mind of my Lord, who has been a sinner, is of Miriam with clear, uplifted face and folded hands.

We do not know how to apportion the praise to these two authors, but "The Labourer," "The School Girl," "The Caretaker," "The Frenchman," are all finished studies, and reflect high credit upon him who drew them. We have many bad books, and many goody-goody books, but few good books; this is one of them.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## EXPERIMENTS WITH WAR-BALLOONS.

A series of experiments likely to have an important bearing on the question of the employment of balloons for military purposes took place last week at Shoeburyness. In order that conclusive trial might be made of the height at which a balloon might travel in time of war without coming within range of an enemy's guns, a balloon had been sent to Shoeburyness from the Aldershot School of Ballooning, and was sent up weighted to an equivalent of the freight which it would have to carry for the purposes of military observation. The balloon rose to a height of some sixteen thousand feet, or rather more—the exact distance has not been divulged by the War Office authorities, who did not admit unofficial spectators to the grounds of the Gunnery School—and was then kept at the required level by a hawser held by a number of the Royal Engineers concerned in the experiment. The signal was given to the artillerymen, who began to fire upon the balloon. The first few rounds of shrapnel burst some below and some above their aim; but when the artillerymen had found their range, the stricken balloon speedily collapsed and fell helplessly to the ground. Probably the conditions of the experiment were on the side of the gunners, since a balloon might well travel at a greater altitude for purposes of observation over a hostile territory, but the effect of the trial proved that no balloon could be expected to pass unscathed by efficient artillery unless at a height of considerably more than a couple of thousand yards from the earth.

## SARAH BERNHARDT.

Never before in the annals of the stage has an actor or actress been accorded such an apotheosis as that with which France last week glorified her greatest living actress—in the opinion of many the finest contemporary actress of any nationality—Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Honours of every kind were lavished upon the illustrious artiste; literary and artistic Paris greeted her with a paean which will ring down the years as long as theatrical history remains, and though the ribbon of the Legion of Honour had so far been withheld, it is expected that it will not long be denied to the woman whom France delights to honour alike

as the genius of tragedy and comedy, and as the patriotic propagandist of French art and the French language in foreign and often far-distant climes. "La journée de Sarah," as last week's festival has not inaptly been called, began with a luncheon to which Madame Bernhardt was welcomed, with deafening acclaim, by a brilliant company of more than six hundred men and women of literary, artistic, or social eminence. Madame Bernhardt herself sat at the high table beneath a green velvet dais, upon which was a design emblematic of Time, who for her has so considerately stood still. Luncheon over, M. Sardou proposed the health of the great actress, after kissing her hand. This incident our Artist has depicted in his Illustration. When silence was restored, after the most enthusiastic applause, Madame Bernhardt, with deep emotion, returned thanks for the ovation accorded to her. The great assemblage then adjourned to the Renaissance Theatre, where Madame Bernhardt appeared in the second act of "Phèdre" and the fourth act of "Rome Vaincue." But for once the play was not the thing, the chief feature of the programme being the homage offered to the great actress at the close of the performance. Seated on a throne Madame Bernhardt received addresses from representatives of French scholarship, science, art, and finally from the leading poets of modern France, headed by M. François Coppée. Then amid tumultuous applause there ended one of the most remarkable scenes ever enacted on any stage.

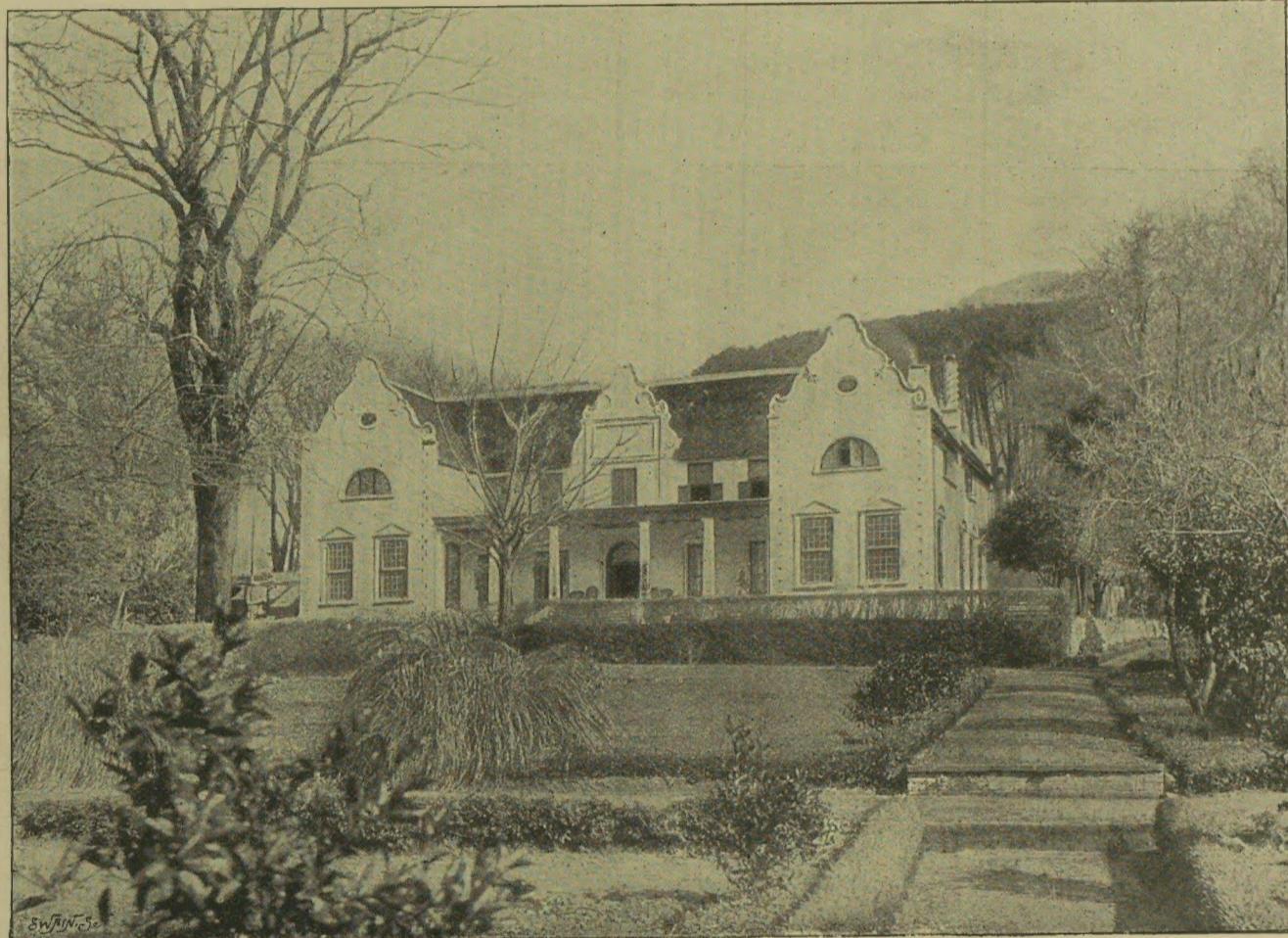
## GLIMPSES OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

To recall in detail the time-honoured associations of Windsor Castle, which has been, without any interval, the chief royal residence ever since William the Conqueror redeemed it from the monks of Westminster, on whom Edward the Confessor had piously bestowed it, were to trace the principal current of English history. Though such a task is unnecessary, it is always interesting to revive impressions of certain architectural beauties of the great

stronghold, and with such an end in view no trustier or more appreciative guide is to be found than Mr. Herbert Railton, whose graceful art long since won him an individual position as a delineator of old-world buildings rich in story. The central feature of Mr. Railton's page of sketches which we publish this week, the so-called Norman Gateway, is part of the scanty remnant of the building carried out by Edward III. With the exception of the castle frontage towards the town, the Norman Tower and Gateway remain to-day the least altered portion of the whole fabric. The chambers over the gateway have in their time held many a notable prisoner in durance, as the names carved upon the walls still testify. When the Roundheads were in the ascendant many a gallant Cavalier languished in the Norman Tower with naught to pass the time save the cutting of his name and coat-of-arms upon his prison walls. Another glimpse recalls the bower of Anne Boleyn, the poor young Queen who passed hither as a supplantress to share the crown for a space, indeed, but only to perish by the headsman's axe on Tower Hill. Anne Boleyn's window overlooks the outer cloisters, which lead in turn towards St. George's Chapel, the scene of many solemn ceremonials in the history of the English monarchy; and now, in an especial degree, a magnificent memorial to the late Prince Consort's memory.

## BURNING OF MR. CECIL RHODES' HOUSE AT CAPE TOWN.

An accidental fire has destroyed the rather celebrated rural mansion of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, a short distance



RESIDENCE OF THE RIGHT HON. CECIL RHODES NEAR CAPE TOWN, DESTROYED BY FIRE.

from Capetown, on the eve of a public demonstration prepared by his Colonial friends and admirers before his departure for England, where he is to give important evidence to the Parliamentary Committee upon South African affairs. The house, called Groote Schuur, a fine example of the old Dutch style of domestic architecture, was recently described and illustrated in our columns. It was built chiefly of teak timber, and had a picturesque and stately aspect. To its latest day this house at Rondebosch, but fifteen minutes from Capetown by rail, or half an hour by road, preserved much of the architectural character of old-world Holland. Groote Schuur formerly belonged to the ancestors of Mr. Hofmeyr; but Mr. Rhodes spent much money upon its modern improvements, upon the costly decorations and furniture, tapestry, porcelain, valuable paintings, ornamental metal-work, a good library, and a collection of antiquities and rare curiosities, also upon the beautiful gardens and park. Nothing in the house appears to have been saved from the disastrous fire, of which we got the news on Tuesday. While condoling with Mr. Rhodes upon his private loss, which he is rich enough to repair, the Cape colonists and others feeling an interest in South African history will especially regret the destruction of some relics of the mysterious ancient builders of Zimbabwe; perhaps also the silver elephant, seal, and drinking-cup of the fallen Matabili kings. It was fortunate for the public of Capetown that the extensive park which surrounds Groote Schuur was not so easily destructible as the interesting old house. For Mr. Rhodes some time ago gave free access to his wide domain to the inhabitants of the district by distributing, through the Mayor of Capetown, two thousand keys admitting to his grounds and veritable "Zoo" of interesting live stock. Mr. Rhodes' remarkable zoological collection includes almost every non-carnivorous animal to be found in South Africa, and many specimens from other climes, so that it forms a pleasure resort teeming with instruction for local students of natural history.

## "TRUTH" DOLL SHOW.

The seventeenth annual display of dolls and other toys contributed by the readers of *Truth* for the benefit of poor children whose Christmas must perforce be passed in workhouse or hospital ward, was opened on Wednesday last at the Albert Hall. It is worthy of record that this charitable institution, promoted by Mr. Labouchere and originally held at his editorial offices, has year by year outgrown its headquarters, passing in succession from the offices of *Truth* to the Marlborough Rooms, thence to the Portman Rooms, and onward, via the Grosvenor Gallery and other temporary quarters, to the great Albert Hall itself. Nor has its annual sojourn in so large a building had a depressing effect on the charitably inclined, for this year's display outdoes all its predecessors, with a total of 29,000 toys for the gladdening of some 28,000 poor children who are at present occupants of the various charitable institutions of the metropolis. The display of dolls included many dressed with great ingenuity, and the groups were strikingly effective, especially one representing Li-Hung-Chang's visit to Hawarden. One of the most strikingly attired of the individual dolls was, appropriately enough, that contributed by Miss Dora Labouchere, which represented a "Mistress of the Hounds" in the orthodox "pink," with hunting horn and whip accoutred. Miss Warburg's ten little figures attired after well-known pictures by the late Sir John Millais have also won much admiration. Others of the exhibits shown in our Illustrations are but a handful amongst a display of notable variety and taste. In addition to the toys, the little

people are once again to receive eleven thousand sixpences, fresh from the Mint, the tribute of a child-lover who prefers to remain anonymous; and crackers galore are supplied by Mr. Tom Smith.

## MUSIC.

One of the best concerts ever given at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society took place on Thursday, Dec. 10, when "St. Paul" was given under the customary stupendous circumstances. Miss Lucie Johnstone, who took the contralto part, sang extremely well and with a surprisingly unexpected power; her interpretation of the beautiful song, "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own," was little short of splendid, and thoroughly deserved all the applause that was given to it. Miss Ella Russell and Mr. Lloyd both sang extremely well, and the

choruses, exceedingly well directed by Professor Bridge, never went better. With a little improvement in the way of smoothness and delicacy, the Royal Choral Society will soon come to be regarded more as a body with serious musical aims and less as an imposing musical machine.

On Saturday night Mr. Henry Wood, at his excellent Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall, introduced Mr. Percy Pitt's "Fêtes Galantes" for the first time to the notice of the public. It is a charming little work, and all so resolutely proportioned to a minor musical atmosphere that it leaves one necessarily animated by genuine sentiments of admiration. If at moments the melody grows a trifle commonplace, Mr. Pitt dresses it up with so many dainty devices as to leave the critic almost disarmed.

At the Popular Concerts held at the St. James's Hall last Monday night, Miss Lisa Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden," an Omar Khayyám cycle of songs, was sung by Miss Evangeline Florence, Madame Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Thomas Meux. The accompanist—who, indeed, holds in this instance a somewhat more important position than accompanist—was Mr. Henry Bird. The music is distinguished by its complete freedom from commonplace, its freshness, and its great cleverness. Whether it is "Omar Khayyám" or not is an open question.

On the afternoon of Friday, Dec. 11, the students of the Royal College of Music gave a performance of Verdi's "Falstaff" at the Lyceum Theatre, which was really surprisingly good. One expects so little, as a rule, from such exhibitions that one is perhaps inclined to be excessive in enthusiasm when gloomy expectations are agreeably disappointed. Miss Eleanor Jones's Mistress Ford was extremely clever and very well sung, and Miss Muriel Foster as Dame Quickly was quite excellent. The part of Falstaff is, of course, impossible to the amateur, but Mr. Emlyn Davies was a capital Ford. The orchestra, almost entirely composed of students, played with much distinction under the competent direction of Professor Stanford.



MIMOSA SAN.—DRESSED BY MRS. MOSTYN.



LOHENGRIN AND SWAN.—DRESSED BY THE MISSES WARBURG.



AFTER KATE GREENAWAY.—DRESSED BY MISS L. CROFT, AGED 16.



UNE PIERRETTE.—DRESSED BY MISS PRANCE, AGED 16.



CHARLEY'S AUNT.—DRESSED BY MISS P. SELBOURNE.

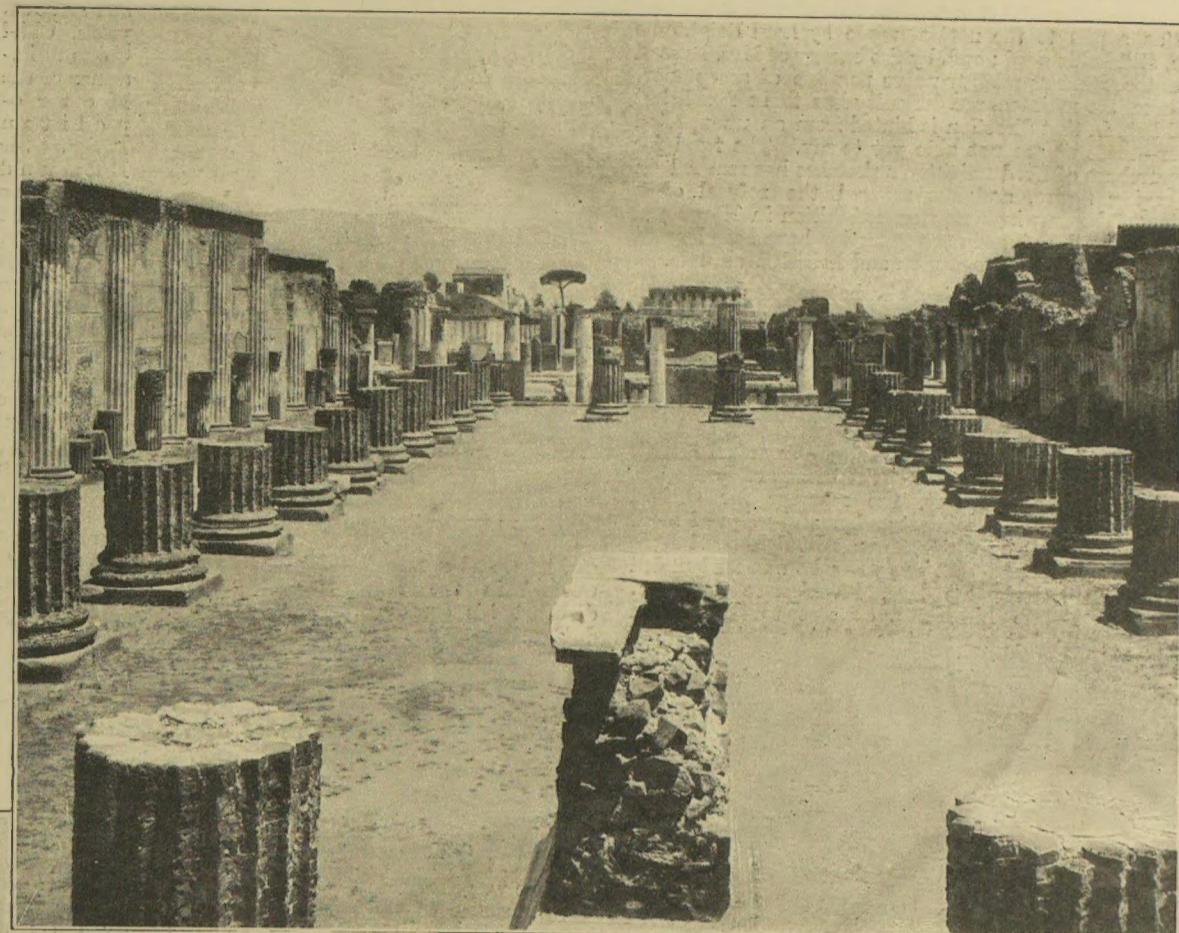


SWEET VIOLETS.—DRESSED BY MISS L. POUNDS.

## POMPEII, ILLUSTRATED FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.

It is now almost a century and a half since a labourer on the Campagna, while sinking a well, came upon some fragments of old sculpture and painted tiles. Forty years previously a peasant of Resina had in a similar way made the first discoveries which led to the excavation of the buried city of Herculaneum. Hopes were aroused that in the favourite summer resort of the wealthy Romans, even greater art treasures might be found under the cinders and pumice stone which for seventeen centuries had hidden them from sight and saved them from decay. Works were undertaken with this view, and in a few years a portion of the Amphitheatre was cleared. The work, however, was intermittent, and pursued in a wholly haphazard fashion under the Bourbons, and it was not until the more energetic Murat found himself temporarily installed as King of Naples that the excavations were pushed forward in an intelligent spirit. Successive eruptions of Vesuvius also impeded the work, and although none ever directly threatened to bury Pompeii again, they added considerably to the trouble of clearing the ground. As late as 1823, Miss Berry—Horace Walpole's friend—records in her Journal, "We set out, a large party, for Pompeii. The drive of fourteen miles is very disagreeable, notwithstanding the view of the Bay and the mountains around. . . . The cinders and lava of the eruptions last October (1822) have scarcely yet been swept to each side of the streets, but are left on the road. Outside Pompeii it is half-way up the horses' legs." No such impediments now await the traveller, and a very prosaic and distinctly dilatory train deposits him at an unpretentious and not very cleanly railway-station.

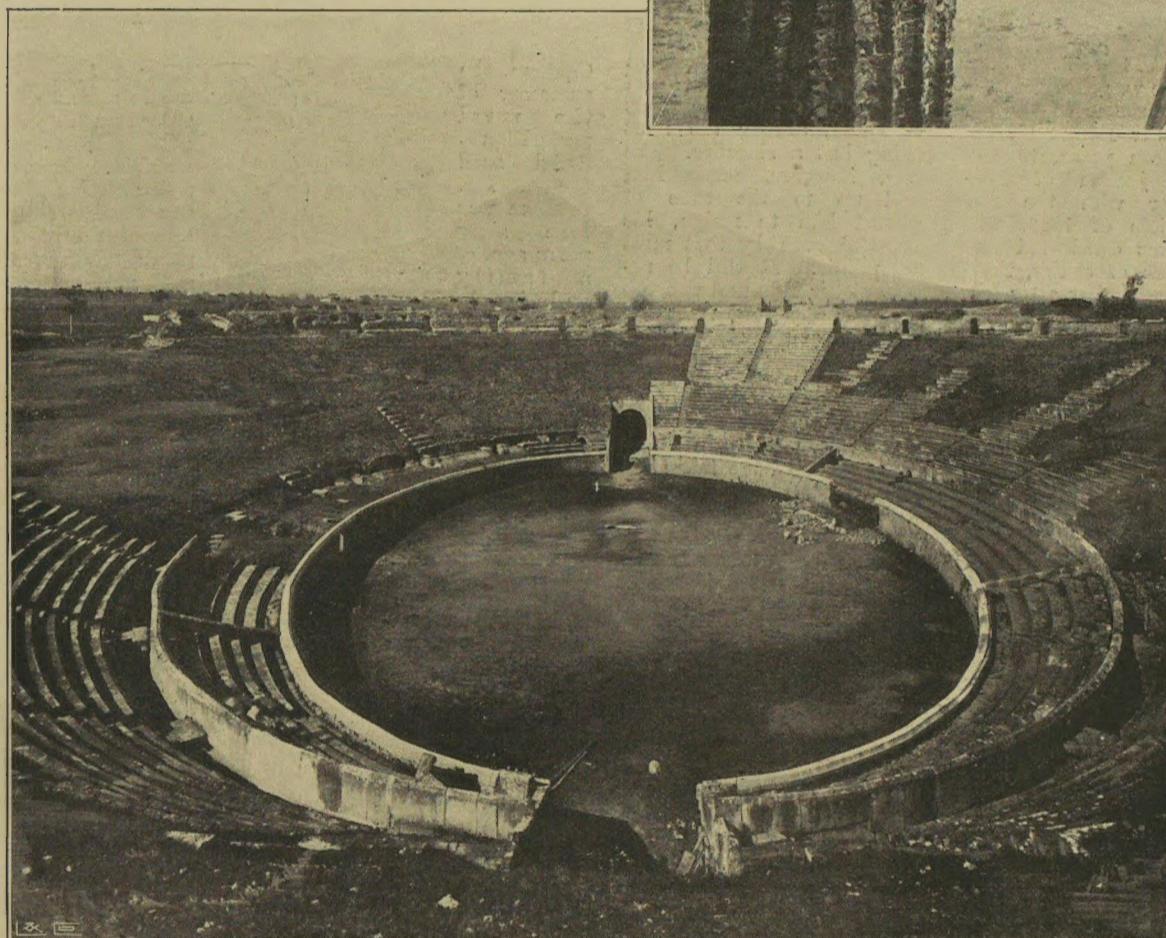
Except to the highly classical and ultra-enthusiastic eye the first impressions of Pompeii are disappointing.



THE BASILICA, OR COURT OF JUSTICE.

Lyttton was quite accurate in describing the games which were in progress at the time of the fatal eruption of Vesuvius which swallowed up both Pompeii and Herculaneum, and one of the results of the works carried out here is to show that the loss of life on that occasion was less than formerly supposed. The people assembled at the Amphitheatre had time to make their escape to the open country beyond. Scarcely more than seven hundred bodies have been discovered, and the perfect state in which many of them were found is at least negative evidence that time would not have reduced others to impalpable dust. The activity, however, of the present Italian Government will not be relaxed until Pompeii has been forced to give up all its secrets; and in the meanwhile it is giving up its treasures of marble, bronze, and gold, and bringing to light, among other facts, that portrait-painting—for mural decoration—was practised, probably by Greek artists, for their Roman patrons.

It is expected that the whole city will not be laid bare in less than fifty years, should the Government not be in a position to increase the present modest sum (60,000 lire) set apart for the work under Signor Fiorelli's able superintendence.



THE AMPHITHEATRE, CENTRE OF RECENT EXCAVATIONS.

Within the last few years the efforts of the Ministry of Fine Arts have been directed to clear away the heaps of cinders which obstructed the general view of the original city. The object has now been partially—very partially—attained, and the Forum, which was the central feature of the place, as the Strada dei Sepolcri was the principal suburb, can now be realised in their mutual relations. The first place of interest which is passed is the so-called Basilica, supposed to have been used as a law court, but distinct from the Tribunals, which were at the further side of the Forum, of which the construction was not completed when the city was covered up. The most striking feature of this open space are the ruins of the Temple of Venus. A main street of Pompeii leading from the station is that known as the Strada dall' Abondanza, at the corner of which is to be seen the Chalcidicum, or Exchange, one of the most beautiful buildings as yet revealed, its central hall having been surrounded by columns of Parian marble.

In the Street of Tombs, however, we are upon more solid ground, for not a few of the monuments bear the names and even the busts of those to whose memory they were erected. At the extreme end of the Strada is the so-called Villa of Diomede, which has attractions alike for the lover of fact and of fiction, for here were found the bodies of seventeen women and children, who had sought refuge under the portico, but were apparently suffocated.

The Amphitheatre is even farther away from the centre of the city than the Sepolcri, and it is on this point that recent excavations have been chiefly directed, with very important results. It must be remembered that Bulwer-



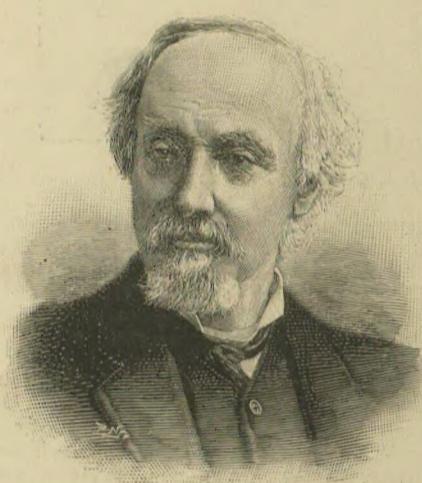
PANORAMA FROM THE STRADA DALL' ABONDANZA.

## PERSONAL.

The proposal to transfer Lord Leighton's "Arab Hall" from Holland Park Road to the South Kensington Museum is not likely to be carried out. But the offer of the whole house as a gift to the nation, made by Lord Leighton's sisters, still holds good; and, by the energy of Mrs. Russell Barrington, it may probably prove possible of acceptance. Of course, the maintenance difficulty has to be faced, but special help in that direction is hinted from an unexpected quarter—more we are not able yet to say. The fund for the repurchase of Lord Leighton's sketches has reached an encouraging figure, and has secured the refusal of a selection of the drawings now on exhibition in New Bond Street. Other drawings in the collection have been bought already by the South Kensington and British Museums.

Monsignore the Hon. Gilbert Talbot, whose death at an advanced age is reported, was once a familiar figure in Regent Street and its neighbourhood. His great height arrested attention of old, and of late it was perhaps his almost phenomenal stoop. But he had given up his charge of the Church of the Assumption in Warwick Street some months ago, under the pressure of his infirmities, and had gone to live at Blackheath. A son of the second Earl Talbot, and born in 1816, he was uncle of the Bishop of Rochester, and of Mr. J. G. Talbot, the member for Oxford University. One of the mildest and most benign of men, there was one point on which he permitted himself some show of annoyance, and that was when he was confounded with, as was latterly his fate, Monsignore the Hon. George Talbot—like himself a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, but no relative of his whatever—who figures in the biography of Cardinal Manning as the Gossip Extraordinary of the Vatican.

Mr. Louis Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who died on Friday last at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Herbert Phillips, in Chesham Place, was a cousin of the late Lord Tennyson, and will be remembered as a Metropolitan police magistrate of close upon forty years' standing. He was a son of the late Right Hon. Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt, M.P., of Bayon's Manor, Lincolnshire, who first added the



THE LATE MR. L. C. TENNYSON D'ENCOURT.

name of d'Eyncourt to the original family surname of Tennyson. Born eighty-two years ago, Mr. Louis Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt received his education at Westminster and King's College, London, and was eventually called to the Bar. From 1851 until six years ago he was one of the most widely known magistrates of the Metropolis, especially during the last few years of his public life as presiding magistrate of the Westminster Police Court. After his retirement, he lived chiefly on the family estate in Lincolnshire, but he maintained his social connection with the Metropolis by occasional visits to one or other of his sons or daughters in London. Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who survives her husband, is a daughter of Mr. John Ashton Yates, of Liverpool.

People who are unlucky enough to break the hands and arms of a great "antique" in the act of capture may be excused by all men conscious of our common weakness if they try to hide the pieces. Was this the human action of the French Marine officers who, putting in at Milo, in March 1820, first saw and were conquered by the loveliest statue in the world, and took by force this bride from her Greeks? The official account—and an "official" account that keeps such a breakage dark is a good bit of serious grotesque—averred that the Venus was found in a state of mutilation; but some unofficial eye-witnesses did not thoroughly hold their tongues, and Paris with its original, London with its cast, a thousand cities with their copies, have had their doubts. First there was Dumont d'Urville, who said, somewhat darkly, that he had seen both hands. M. Matterer said the same thing in 1858. M. Rochefort related that the sometime French Ambassador at Constantinople had told him that the statue was entire when the French "found" it. And now the sad question is virtually set at rest by a hitherto unpublished document given to the world in the *Illustration*, the author being M. de Tragof, who was at Milo on his corvette before the arrival of the French discoverers. He, in fact, saw the statue a month before it was discovered, and he "saw it whole"! It is too true that the Venus of Milo had her arms during the long ages of her obscurity, and lost them in 1820 in the struggle which it cost to take her. One hand held her drapery, and the other held the apple which Paris awarded to this Aphrodite with the approval of the world.

To Mrs. Cashel Hoey belongs the glory of producing quite the most beautiful book of a particularly striking publishing season. This is the "Century of Louis XIV." from the French of Emile Bourgeois. Taking Voltaire's "Louis XIV." as his groundwork, M. Bourgeois recapitulates the whole private life and social and artistic environment of the French monarch. To a most readable and entertaining narrative we have added the most gorgeous collection of pictures and portraits, not, we rejoice to say, of imaginary incidents, but reproductions of paintings and of veritable documents. Messrs. Sampson Low may be congratulated on having produced quite the finest book of the year.

The death of Sir Edmund Henderson, K.C.B., removes a figure once prominent in the public life of London as

for a period of some seventeen years, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Sir Edmund Yeaman Walcott Henderson, to give his name in full, was a son of the late Rear-Admiral George Henderson, and was born in 1821. He entered the Army at

eighteen, and eventually attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Engineers, but circumstances diverted his career from continued soldierhood to civic duties such as need a soldier's training for their adequate discharge. Just fifty years ago he was appointed one of her Majesty's Commissioners of the New Brunswick Boundary question, an office which gave him some adventurous experiences, and from that appointment he returned only to be sent to Western Australia as Comptroller-General of the Convict Department. The discretion which he showed in grappling with the tremendous difficulties of this arduous position won for him, after his return to England, the combined duties of Director of Convict Prisons and Surveyor-General of Prisons, and in 1869 he was chosen to succeed Sir Richard Mayne as Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. This onerous office Sir Edmund Henderson found, during the next seventeen years, to be anything but a sinecure. The strict justice of his régime, however, made him popular with the force, and up to the time of the riots of 1866, which caused him to resign, his rule was considered very successful even by that most captious of critics, the general public. It will be remembered that after his retirement Sir Edmund was the recipient of several testimonials, including one from the cabmen of London, in whose welfare he always took a particular interest.

It seems rather beneath the chivalrous sentiment of honourable warfare in the olden times and of civilised hostile military operations in the present, for Spain, of all nations, to make a festive public glory of the killing of Antonio Maceo, one of the brave and active leaders of the Cuban insurgents. We readily disbelieve the story told by some papers in the United States and Brazil, that he was treacherously shot down at a conference to which he had been invited by the Spanish officers. The evidence of Dr. Zertucha, who accompanied him on Dec. 4 in the fight between two thousand Cubans and Major Cirujeda's battalion of infantry on the road from Pinar del Rio to Havana, proves that Maceo, after drawing up his force and beginning the engagement with deliberate skill, was struck by a bullet of the first volleys fired by the Spanish troops in the battle. He fell mortally wounded, and soon died, upon which young Francesco Gomez, son of the notable Cuban Commander-in-Chief, Maximo Gomez, resolving not to survive Maceo, put an end to his own life, after writing a brief letter to his father. Major Cirujeda, therefore, does not appear to have acted



THE LATE JOSÉ ANTONIO MACEO.

otherwise than as a good and loyal soldier, and may well have deserved credit for a victory achieved, with three or four hundred regular troops, against an enemy so greatly outnumbering his own force as nearly five to one; but the exultation of the Madrid populace over the mere fact of Maceo's death is not very noble. The Queen-Regent of Spain sent an aide-de-camp to Major Cirujeda's wife,

invited that lady to see her, offered her congratulations, and promised to take care of the education and advancement of the Major's son; all which is very well if it was meant, as we readily believe, to thank that officer for his laudable military service, and not to show delight at the death of a leading rebel—who may have been a sort of hero.

The disappearance of an English literary man in Paris has been made public. It is nearly two months ago since Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe left a well-known hotel in Paris to take a walk. He went out quite unprepared for any sort of journey, and he left waiting for him at the hotel his mother, with whom he was to return to England the next morning. That night he did not return, nor the next, nor has he ever been heard of since. No one likes to suggest foul play, and yet his failure to make any sign to those with whom his terms were most affectionate, and whose anxiety he could well appreciate, seems to suggest a misadventure which has placed him beyond the power of communication. The police of Paris, who have been informed from the first, have, we believe, ceased to regard Mr. Crackanthorpe as among the living. We hope, of course, they may be wrong, but the rumours that the missing man has been seen here or seen there, rather inconsequently telegraphed from Paris to London papers, have turned out, in the event, to afford no clue to the mystery of his vanishing.

Li-Hung-Chang may be disgraced, but he has some compensation in the graces after all. A private letter from San Francisco, dated three weeks ago, says: "I met Miss Loie Fuller last night on her way to China to dance before Li-Hung-Chang."

Mrs. William Morris has gone to Egypt on a visit to her late husband's friends, Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt, who have a delightful little estate near Cairo.

The Lincolnshire fens have lost their laureate, and Croyland one of its most patriotic townsmen, by the death of Mr. Anthony South Canham, the successor of the rural poets, Bloomfield and Clare. Mr. Canham was born sixty years ago, of a family which, though of humbler rank, traces its history far back into the last century in the annals of Croyland. When scarcely out of his infancy he began to

THE LATE MR. ANTHONY S. CANHAM

work in the fields as his ancestors had done before him, but later in life he abandoned the plough for his father's trade of shoemaker. After some years, however, he returned to the soil once more as a farmer. But his profession was subordinated to his career as an eloquent writer of both prose and poetry, a force to be reckoned with in the local Press, and a public-spirited and active citizen. For Mr. Canham was no unpractical dreamer, as village bards are apt to be. From comparative obscurity he rose to the dignities of Guardian, Vice-Chairman of the Croyland School Board, Chairman of the District Council, Justice of the Peace, and a recognised leader of local Liberalism, and in each capacity he has proved his constant sympathy with the toiling sons of the soil, among whom he was proud to rank himself. Mr. Canham's verse is not infrequently marked by genuine inspiration, and alike as poet, antiquarian, and critic, he proved the remarkable quality of his self-schooled intellect.

Some of the whistles in use on boats on the Thames are an affliction to the ears of dwellers on the Embankment. The other day such a whistle was brought into court, and among the complaints laid against it was this—that it disturbed the Lord Chief Justice while he was busy in the administration of the law. So, at least, the papers have reported, and without a contradiction. Lest professors of acoustics, now or in the future, should be perplexed by this assertion, we may as well say at once that the Lord Chief Justice never heard of his complaint until he read it in the newspapers, and that no sound on the Thames, short, say, of a dynamite explosion, could penetrate Essex Street from the Thames, cross Fleet Street, and enter through endless corridors the tortuous inner chambers of the Royal Courts of Justice.

The old story of Mrs. Norton's sale of a Cabinet secret to the *Times* has to be again and again refuted. Consequently Lord Dufferin is to be found writing to a morning paper once again to vindicate the memory of his kinswoman. Only very literal people will cite the famous chapter in "Diana of the Crossways" in confirmation of the legend. A novelist makes such an incident his own, and is by no means bound to limit his imagination to a bare narrative of the truth. Indeed, the story should be regarded as less rather than more likely to be true to fact if it finds a place in a work of fiction.

Mr. H. B. Haweis's new book, "The Dead Pulpit," contains an estimate of Dr. Temple and Dr. Creighton, treating of their respective appointments to the see of Canterbury and the see of London as the turning-point in the destinies of the High Church party, and a most significant sign of the times. The volume also contains personal notices of Dean Stanley, F. D. Maurice, and F. W. Robertson.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, was visited on Friday by the Duke of Cambridge, who stayed till next morning. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the Austrian and French Ambassadors dined with her Majesty. On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark came to stay over Sunday, when the Duke d'Alençon and Prince Arthur of Connaught also joined the royal party. Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. G. N. Curzon dined with the Queen last week, and Lord Salisbury was her Majesty's guest on Tuesday. The Duke of Orleans also lunched with the Queen on Tuesday. The Queen has now left Windsor for Osborne.

On Monday, Dec. 14, the anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and her husband, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Wales, and the younger members of their families, attended a memorial service, performed by the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor, in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and Prince Charles of Denmark, left Windsor and returned to Marlborough House. The Prince of Wales has gone to visit the Earl of Derby at Knowsley. The Duke and Duchess of York went to Welbeck Abbey on a visit to the Duke of Portland.

Princess Christian opened the new buildings of the Richmond Street Mission at Walworth on Tuesday. The Duchess of Teck, on Saturday, opened a bazaar at Croydon to aid the funds of the local Church Institute. At Brighton, last week, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, for the Duchess of Connaught, opened an exhibition of Irish cottage industries, the Duchess being unwell.

Earl Spencer, at Dudley last week, presided over the Conference of the Midland Liberal Federation. On Friday Sir Henry Fowler addressed his constituents at Wolverhampton; Mr. Asquith spoke at the Manchester Reform Club; Viscount Curzon, at Slough, to the Bucks Conservatives; and Mr. G. Wyndham, M.P., at Dover, on the affairs of South Africa. A Conference of the Liberal party in London, presided over by Mr. George Russell, has resolved to urge the Armenian question on Parliament. Mr. John Morley discoursed on technical industrial teaching at the prize-giving of the Battersea Polytechnic Institution. Mr. John Dillon, at Manchester, exhorted Irish Home-Rulers to act more harmoniously together. Sir W. T. Marriott lectured on Egypt at the Junior Constitutional Club. Sir F. Lockwood spoke at York.

A Conference, Mr. James Lowther presiding, held at St. James's Hall, has been discussing the reform of British fiscal policy, with a view to protecting our manufacturing industries against foreign competition. It has passed resolutions in favour of an Imperial Customs Union, or some arrangement for preferential tariffs between Great Britain and the Colonies and India.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has stated at Dublin that it is the intention of Government to create, if possible next session, a Board of Agriculture for Ireland.

The President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward Poynter, in taking the chair at Burlington House, on Friday evening, to present some prizes, gracefully and justly acknowledged the great merits of his predecessors, the late Sir John Millais and the late Lord Leighton.

An interesting religious commemoration of the "golden wedding day" of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, on Saturday, Dec. 12, the seventh anniversary of his death at Venice, drew a congregation to the parish church of Marylebone. The Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Farrar, in an earnest address, dwelt on the full spiritual sympathy which in their married life mutually exalted with high moral purpose the genius of both those noble poets.

The Royal Agricultural Society, at its half-yearly meeting, Sir Walter Gilbey president, had a favourable report, and looked forward confidently to the Show at Manchester next June, when the Duke of York will preside. There was some discussion on flax-growing, hemp-growing, and the cultivation of beetroot for sugar, and in the use of the common roads by motor cars and traction engines.

The London and North-Western Railway Company, apprehending that a strike would begin next week, as the directors supposed, at the instigation of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, dismissed a few of the men connected with that society. There are some points in dispute with regard to hours of labour, extra work, and extra wages. Mr. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, offered a friendly mediation. The men dismissed have been readmitted to the company's service.

Lord Playfair presided at the annual meeting of the Society for Promoting Technical and Secondary Education

on Friday, in the hall of the Society of Arts. The general secretary, Sir Henry Roscoe, reported progress, and a letter from the Duke of Devonshire gave hopes of Government doing something in the approaching session of Parliament. There was discussion about organising the functions of County Councils and boroughs, and of the Government official Departments, for the management of technical schools.

A colliery disaster, by which, unhappily, six men have lost their lives, occurred on Dec. 9 at the River Level, Abernant, South Wales. Water rushed into the Gellydeg seam of coal, where 120 men were working; all but those few got out, some wading up to their necks. It has been impossible to reach and save those left behind.

A German ship, the *Rajah*, of Bremen, bound to Hong-Kong with coal from South Wales, was capsized by a squall of wind on Dec. 9 in the Bristol Channel, near Lundy Isle, and seventeen men were drowned, only two of the crew being saved.

Several wrecks and disasters to fishing-boats, with loss of life, took place on our coasts last Monday.

Sir Edmund Monson, the new British Ambassador to France, was formally presented at the Elysée palace, on Dec. 8, to the President of the Republic. The Naval Estimates laid before the Chamber of Deputies by the Minister of Marine have been discussed, with a proposal by M. Lockroy to expend an additional yearly sum of two millions sterling, for the next four years, in augmenting the fleet and improving its steam power and its guns, upon which Admiral Besnard has made an official report.

The two vacant chairs of the "Forty" members of the French Academy have been filled by the election of M. André Theuriet, a novelist, and M. Albert Vandal, a writer on history; only four votes were given to M. Zola.

Spain is apparently exulting over the death of Antonio Maceo, a leader of the Cuban insurgents. General

killing many people, burning and doing other mischief. They are opposed at Fort Liwonde by a force of about five hundred trained men, including Sikhs, under Captain W. H. Manning and Captain F. J. Stewart, of the Indian Staff Corps. The scene of this expected conflict is not very far from Blantyre.

At Lourenço Marquez, the Delagoa Bay port of Portuguese East Africa, there has been a riotous attack on the German, Dutch, and British Consulates, which was caused by religious fanaticism, provoked by some fancied want of respect to the Roman Catholic procession of the Immaculate Conception.

The prospects in India are somewhat better, from rain falling, though not sufficiently, in the North-West Provinces, in the Bombay Presidency, and in the Deccan, causing an abatement of the prices of grain and reduction of the numbers of people needing relief. But there are still, in the whole of the Indian Empire, including Burmah, no less than 331,000 persons to be fed by Government; in the North-West Provinces 186,900, in the Punjab 22,300, in Central India, Rajputana, and Madras large numbers. More rain is wanted for spring crops. Plague has broken out among the native population in the city of Bombay. The Viceroy, Lord Elgin, has returned to Calcutta.

## WRECK OF A GERMAN STEAM-SHIP.

The wreck of the North German Lloyd Company's steamship *Salier*, on the north-west coast of Spain near Corunna, on her outward voyage from Bremen to Buenos Ayres, touching at several Spanish ports, is one of those marine disasters which seem peculiarly sad from the sudden death of a large number of passengers who were emigrants going to begin a more hopeful industrial life in the Argentine Republic. There was but one German passenger, with

113 Russians, 35 Poles or Galicians, and 61 Spaniards, the crew, with officers, being 65 men, in all 285 souls on board, and it is believed that all were drowned. The ship had left Corunna on Monday, Dec. 7, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and was going next to Villagarcia, but a violent storm impeded her passage and drove her upon the Coronas Corrubedo shoals, where she was quickly broken up and destroyed by the fury of the sea. Pieces of the wreck, and dead bodies, have since been washed ashore, but none of the boats; and if any of them were lowered and manned for the escape of some of the people on board the doomed ship, there was scarcely any chance of their being able to reach the land. It is possible that the steamer may have been disabled by some injury to her machinery, although she had recently been fitted with improved engines; the shaft may have broken, so depriving her of power to keep a safe course in spite of the wind and sea. The cargo-lading

had been performed at Bremerhaven, in a regular and proper manner, not at all interfered with by the dockers' strike. As the captain and all the officers have perished, nothing is positively known of what took place on board. The ship was built in 1875, at Earle's yard, Hull, and was formerly known by another name. She was built of iron, a screw-steamer, of 3000 tons gross measurement, and was in good condition.

## RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway ordinary return tickets for distances under twelve miles issued on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24 and 25, are available for the return journey up to the evening of the following Saturday, and those issued at any time for distances from twelve to fifty miles eight days; and for distances over fifty miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return.

Special cheap tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 24 to 27, to and from London and the seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 29.

On Dec. 24, 26, and 28 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight; and on Thursday, Dec. 24, an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, etc.

On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be run, including the Pullman cheap trains from Victoria to Brighton and back.

On Boxing Day, Saturday, Dec. 26, day trips at special excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, and from the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, and Brighton to London.

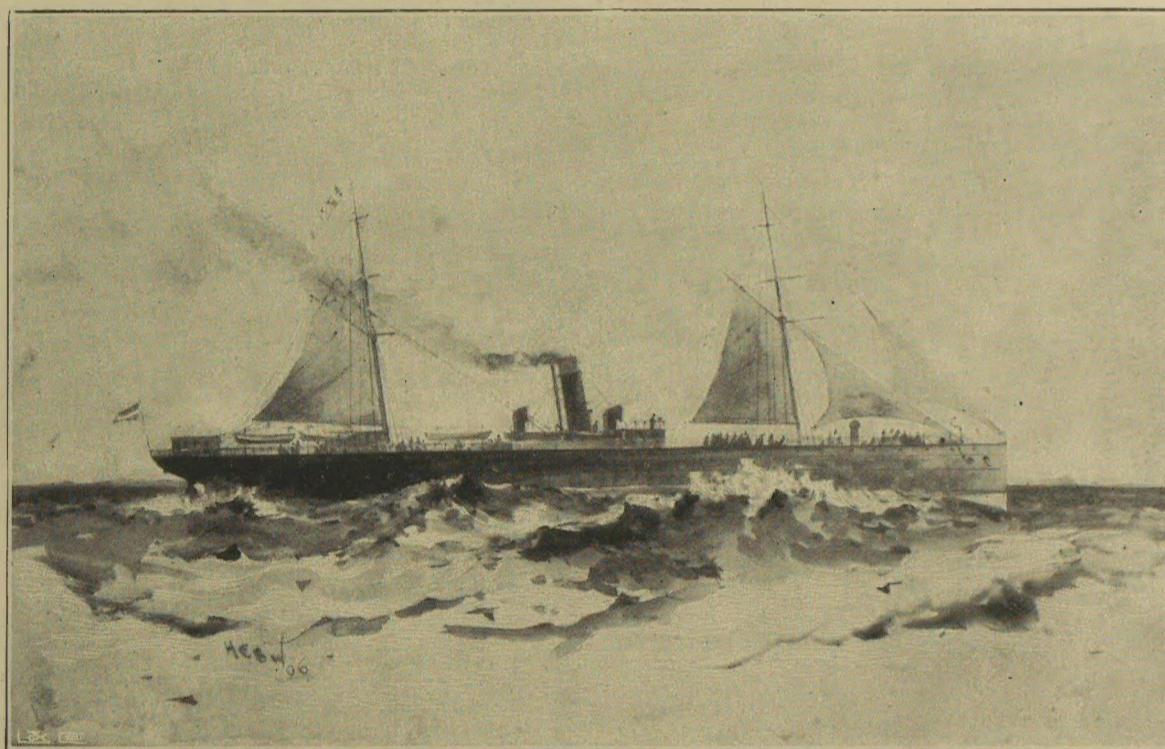
For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments, Wolff's Grand Continental Circus and Equestrian Pantomime, etc., extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic.

The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices—28, Regent Street; Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, for the sale of the special cheap tickets, and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at the Company's City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East; and at the usual offices throughout London.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on Thursday night, Dec. 24 (for 4, 5, 8, and 10 days), and Thursday night, Dec. 31 (for 4, 5, and 10 days), cheap excursions will leave London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard), Victoria (L. C. and D.), Moorgate, King's Cross (G. N.), Finsbury Park, etc., for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. Passengers by the excursion on Dec. 24 return on Sunday, Dec. 27, Monday, Dec. 28, Thursday, Dec. 31, or Saturday, Jan. 2, and those by the excursion on Dec. 31 return on Sunday, Jan. 3, Monday, Jan. 4, or Saturday, Jan. 9, according to period of ticket taken.

Tickets at a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by above excursions to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return.



THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAM-SHIP "SALIER," WRECKED OFF THE SPANISH COAST.



THE FÊTE IN HONOUR OF MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT: M. VICTORIEN SARDOU KISSING THE ACTRESS'S HAND  
BEFORE GIVING HER NAME AS THE TOAST AT THE BANQUET.

Drawn by M. Georges Scott.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

It was with a feeling of deep satisfaction, such as he had never before known, that Goldsmith walked westward to Mrs. Horneck's house. All the exhilaration that he had experienced by watching the extraordinary exhibition of adroitness on the part of the fencing-master remained with him. The exhibition had, of course, been a trifle *bizarre*. It had more than a suspicion of the art of the mountebank about it. For instance, Nicolo's pretence of being overmatched early in the contest—breathing hard and assuming a terrified expression—yielding his ground and allowing his opponent almost to run him through—could only be regarded as theatrical; while his tricks with the buttons and the letters, though amazing, were akin to the devices of a rope-dancer. But this fact did not prevent the whole scene from having an exhilarating effect upon Goldsmith, more especially as it represented his repayment of the debt which he owed to Jackson.

And now to this feeling was added that of the greatest joy of his life in having it in his power to remove from the sweetest girl in the world the terror which she believed to be hanging over her head. He felt that every step which he was taking westward was bringing him nearer to the realisation of his longing—his longing to see the white roses on Mary's cheeks change to red once more.

It was a disappointment to him to learn that Mary had gone down to Barton with the Bunburys. Her mother, who met him in the hall, told him this with a grave face as she brought him into a parlour.

"I think she expected you to call during the past ten days, Dr. Goldsmith," said the lady. "I believe that she was more than a little disappointed that you could not find time to come to her."

"Was she, indeed? Did she really expect me to call?" he asked. This fresh proof of the confidence which the Jessamy Bride reposed in him was very dear to him. She had not merely entrusted him with her enterprise on the chance of his being able to save her; she had had confidence in his ability to save her, and had looked for his coming to tell her of his success.

"She seemed very anxious to see you," said Mrs. Horneck. "I fear, dear Dr. Goldsmith, that my poor child has something on her mind. That is her sister's idea also. And yet it is impossible that she should have any secret trouble: she has not been out of our sight since her visit to Devonshire last year. At that time she had, I believe, some silly, girlish fancy—my brother wrote to me that there had been in his neighbourhood a certain attractive man, an officer who had returned home with a wound received in the war with the American rebels. But surely she has got over that foolishness!"

"Ah, yes. You may take my word for it, Madam, she has got over that foolishness," said Goldsmith. "You may take my word for it that when she sees me the roses will return to her cheeks."

"I do hope so," said Mrs. Horneck. "Yes, you could always contrive to make her merry, Dr. Goldsmith. We have all missed you lately; we feared that that disgraceful letter in the *Packet* had affected you. That was why my son called upon you at your rooms. I hope he assured you that nothing it contained would interfere with our friendship."

"That was very kind of you, my dear Madam," said he; "but I have seen Mary since that thing appeared."

"To be sure you have. Did you not think that she looked very ill?"

"Very ill indeed, Madam; but I am ready to give you my assurance that when I have been half an hour with her she will be on the way to recovery. You have not, I fear, much confidence in my skill as a doctor of medicine, and, to tell you the truth, whatever your confidence in this

direction may amount to it is a great deal more than what I myself have. Still, I think you will say something in my favour when you see Mary's condition begin to improve from the moment we have a little chat together."

"That is wherein I have the amplest confidence in you, dear Dr. Goldsmith. Your chat with her will do more for her than all the medicine the most skilful of physicians could prescribe. It was a very inopportune time for her to fall sick."



Her mother, who met him in the hall, told him this with a grave face.

"I think that all sicknesses are inopportune. But why Mary's?"

"Well, I have good reason to believe, Dr. Goldsmith, that had she not steadfastly refused to see a certain gentleman who has been greatly attracted by her, I might now have some happy news to convey to you."

"The gentleman's name is Colonel Gwyn, I think?"

He spoke in a low voice and after a long pause.

"Ah, you have guessed it, then? You have perceived that the gentleman was drawn toward her?" said the lady, smiling.

"I have every reason to believe in his sincerity," said Goldsmith. "And you think that if Mary had been as well as she usually has been, she would have listened to his proposals, Madam?"

"Why should she not have done so, Sir?" said Mrs. Horneck.

"Why not, indeed?"

"Colonel Gwyn would be a very suitable match for her," said she. "He is, to be sure, several years her senior; that, however, is nothing."

"You think so—you think that a disparity in age should mean nothing in such a case?" said Oliver, rather eagerly.

"How could anyone be so narrow-minded as to think otherwise?" cried Mrs. Horneck. "Whoever may think otherwise, Sir, I certainly do not. I hope I am too good a mother, Dr. Goldsmith. Nay, Sir, I could not stand between my daughter and happiness on such a pretext as a difference in years. After all, Colonel Gwyn is but a year or two over thirty—thirty-seven, I believe—but he does not look more than thirty-five."

"No one more cordially agrees with you than myself on the point to which you give emphasis, Madam," said Goldsmith. "And you think that Mary will see Colonel Gwyn when she returns?"

"I hope so; and therefore I hope, dear Sir, that you will exert yourself so that the bloom will be brought back to her cheeks," said the lady. "That is your duty, Doctor; remember that, I pray. You are to bring back the bloom to her cheeks in order that Colonel Gwyn may be doubly attracted to her."

"I understand—I understand."

He spoke slowly, gravely.

"I knew you would help us," said Mrs. Horneck, "and so I hope that you will lose no time in coming to us after Mary's return to-morrow. Your Jessamy Bride will, I trust, be a real bride before many days have passed."

Yes, that was his duty: to help Mary to happiness. Not for him, not for him was the bloom to be brought again to her cheeks—not for him, but for another man. For him were the sleepless nights, the anxious days, the hours of thought—all the anxiety and all the danger resulting from facing an unscrupulous scoundrel. For another man was the joy of putting his lips upon the delicate bloom of her cheeks, the joy of taking her sweet form into his arms, of dwelling daily in her smiles, of being for evermore beside her, of feeling hourly the pride of so priceless a possession as her love.

That was his thought as he walked along the Strand with bent head; and yet, before he had reached the Crown and Anchor, he said—

"Even so; I am satisfied—I am satisfied."

It chanced that Dr. Johnson was in the tavern with Steevens, and Goldsmith persuaded both to join his party. He was glad that he succeeded in doing so, for he had felt it was quite possible that Baretta might inquire of him respecting the object of Jackson's visit to Brick Court, and he could not well explain to the Italian the nature of the enterprise which he had so successfully carried out by the aid of Mrs. Abington. It was one thing to take Mrs. Abington into his confidence and quite another to confide in Baretta. He was discriminating enough to be well aware of the fact that, while the secret was perfectly safe in the keeping of the actress, it would be by no means equally so if confided to Baretta, although some people might laugh at him for entertaining an opinion so contrary to that which was generally accepted by the world, Mrs. Abington being a woman and Baretta a man.

He had perceived long ago that Baretta was extremely anxious to learn all about Jackson—that he was wondering how he, Goldsmith, should have become mixed up in a matter which was apparently of imperial importance, for at the mention of the American rebels Baretta had opened his eyes. He was, therefore, glad that the talk at the table was so general as to prevent any allusion being made to the incidents of the day.

Dr. Johnson made Signor Nicolo acquainted with a few important facts regarding the use of the sword and the limitations of that weapon, which the Italian accepted with wonderful gravity; and when Goldsmith, on the conversation drifting into the question of patriotism and its trials, declared that a successful patriot was susceptible of being defined as a man who loved his country for the benefit of himself, Dr. Johnson roared out—

"Sir, that is very good. If Mr. Boswell were here—and indeed, Sir, I am glad that he is not—he would say that your definition was so good as to make him certain you had stolen it from me."

"Nay, Sir, 'tis not so good as to have been stolen from you," said Goldsmith.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I did not say that it was

good enough to have been stolen from me. I only said that it was good enough to make a very foolish person suppose that it was stolen from me. No sensible person, Dr. Goldsmith, would believe, first, that you would steal; secondly, that you would steal from me; thirdly, that I would give you a chance of stealing from me; and fourthly, that I would compose an apophthegm which when it comes to be closely examined is not so good after all. Now, Sir, are you satisfied with the extent of my agreement with you?"

"Sir, I am more than satisfied," said Goldsmith, while Nicolo, the cunning master of fence, sat by with a puzzled look on his saffron face. This was a kind of fencing of which he had had no previous experience.

After dining Goldsmith made the excuse of being required at the theatre to leave his friends. He was anxious to return thanks to Mrs. Abington for managing so adroitly to accomplish in a moment all that he had hoped to do.

He found the lady not in the Green Room but in her dressing-room; her costume, was not, however, the less fascinating, nor was her smile the less subtle as she gave him her hand to kiss. He knelt on one knee, holding her hand to his lips; he was too much overcome to be able to speak, and she knew it. She did not mind for how long he held her hand; she was quite accustomed to such demonstrations, though few, she well knew, were of equal sincerity to those of Oliver Goldsmith's.

"Well, my poet," she said at last, "have you need of my services to banish any more demons from the neighbourhood of your friends?"

"I was right," he managed to say after another pause. "Yes, I knew I was not mistaken in you, my dear lady."

"Yes; you knew that I was equal to combat the wiles of the craftiest demon that ever undertook the slandering of a fair damsel," said she. "Well, Sir, you paid me a doubtful compliment—a more doubtful compliment than the fair damsel paid to you in asking you to be her champion. But you have not told me of your adventurous journey with our friend in the hackney coach."

"Nay," he cried; "it is you who have not yet told me by what means you became possessed of the letters which I wanted—by what magic you substituted for them the mock act of the comedy which I carried with me into the supper-room."

"Psha, Sir!" said she; "'twas a simple matter after all. I gathered from a remark the fellow made when laying his cloak across the chair, that he had the letters in one of the pockets of that same cloak. He gave me a hint that a certain Ned Cripps, who shares his lodging, is not to be trusted, so that he was obliged to carry about with him every document on which he places a value. Well, Sir, my well-known loyalty naturally received a great shock when he offered to drink to the American rebels, and you saw that I left the table hastily. A minute or so sufficed me to discover the wallet with the letters, but then I was at my wits' end to find something to occupy their place in the receptacle. Happily my eye caught the roll of your manuscript, which lay in your hat on the floor beneath the chair, and heigh! presto! the trick was played. I had a sufficient appreciation of dramatic incident to keep me hoping all the night that you would be able to get possession of the wallet, believing it contained the letters for which you were in search. Lord, Sir! I tried to picture your face when you drew out your own papers."

The actress lay back on her couch and roared with laughter, Goldsmith joining in quite pleasantly.

"Ah!" he said; "I can fancy that I see at this moment the expression which my face wore at that time. But the sequel to the story is the most humorous. I succeeded last night in picking the fellow's pocket, but he paid me a visit this afternoon with the intent of recovering what he termed his property."

"Oh, lud! Call you that humorous? How did you rid yourself of him?"

At the story of the fight which had taken place in Brick Court, Mrs. Abington laughed heartily after a few breathless moments.

"By my faith, Sir!" she cried; "I would give ten guineas to have been there. But believe me, Dr. Goldsmith," she added a moment afterwards, "you will live in great jeopardy so long as that fellow remains in the town."

"Nay, my dear," said he. "It was Baretta whom he threatened as he left my room—not I. He knows that I have now in my possession such documents as would hang him."

"Why, is not that the very reason why he should make an attempt upon your life?" cried the actress. "He may try to kill Baretta on a point of sentiment, but assuredly he will do his best to slaughter you as a matter of business."

"Faith, Madam, since you put it that way I do believe that there is something in what you say," said Goldsmith. "So I will e'en take a hackney-coach to the Temple and get the stalwart Ginger to escort me to the very door of my chambers."

"Do so, Sir. I am awaiting with great interest the part which you have yet to write for me in a comedy."

"I swear to you that it will be the best part ever written by me, my dear friend. You have earned my everlasting gratitude."

"Ah! was the lady so grateful as all that?" cried the actress, looking at him with one of those arch smiles of hers which even Sir Joshua Reynolds could not quite translate to show the next century what manner of woman was the first Lady Teazle, for the part of the capricious young wife of the elderly Sir Peter was woven around the fascinating country girl's smile of Mrs. Abington.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Goldsmith kept his word. He took a hackney-coach to the Temple, and was alert all the time he was driving lest Jackson and his friends might be waiting to make an attack upon him. He reached his chambers without any adventure, however, and on locking his doors, took out the second parcel of letters and set himself to peruse their contents.

He had no need to read them all—the first that came to his hand was sufficient to make him aware of the nature of the correspondence. It was perfectly plain that the man had been endeavouring to traffic with the rebels, and it was equally certain that the rebel leaders had shown themselves to be too honourable to take advantage of the offers which he had made to them. If this correspondence had come into the hands of Cornwallis he would have hanged the fellow on the nearest tree instead of merely turning him out of his regiment and shipping him back to England as a suspected traitor.

As he locked the letters once again in his desk he felt that there was indeed every reason to fear that Jackson would not rest until he had obtained possession of such damning evidence of his guilt. He would certainly either make the attempt to get back the letters, or leave the country, in order to avoid the irretrievable ruin which would fall upon him if any one of the packet went into the hands of a magistrate; and Goldsmith was strongly of the belief that the man would adopt the former course.

Only for an instant, as he laid down the compromising document, did he ask himself how it was possible that Mary Horneck should ever have been so blind as to be attracted to such a man, and to believe in his honesty.

He knew enough of the nature of womankind to be aware of the glamour which attaches to a soldier who has been wounded in fighting the enemies of his country. If Mary had been less womanly than she showed herself to be, he would not have loved her so well as he did. Her womanly weaknesses were dear to him, and the painful evidence that he had of the tenderness of her heart only made him feel that she was all the more a woman, and therefore all the more to be loved.

It was the afternoon of the next day before he set out once more for the Hornecks'. He meant to see Mary, and then go on to Sir Joshua Reynolds's to dine. There was to be that night a meeting of the Royal Academy, which he would attend with the President, after Sir Joshua's usual five o'clock dinner. It occurred to him that, as Baretta would also most probably be at the meeting, he would do well to make him acquainted with the dangerous character of Jackson, so that Baretta might take due precautions against any attack that the desperate man might be induced to make upon him. No doubt Baretta would make a good point in conversation with his friends of the notion of Oliver Goldsmith's counselling caution to anyone; but the latter was determined to give the Italian his advice on this matter, whatever the consequences might be.

It so happened, however, that he was unable to carry out his intention in full, for on visiting Mrs. Horneck, he learned that Mary would not return from Barton until late that night, and at the meeting of the Academy Baretta failed to put in an appearance.

He mentioned to Sir Joshua that he had something of importance to communicate to the Italian, and that he was somewhat uneasy at not having a chance of carrying out his intention in this respect."

"You would do well, then, to come to my house for supper," said Reynolds. "I think it is very probable that Baretta will look in, if only to apologise for his absence from the meeting. Miss Kauffman has promised to come, and I have secured Johnson as well."

Goldsmith agreed, and while Johnson and Angelica Kauffman walked in front, he followed with Reynolds some distance behind—not so far, however, as to be out of the range of Johnson's voice. Johnson was engaged in a discourse with his sweet companion—he was particularly fond of such companionship—on the dignity inseparable from a classic style in painting, and the enormity of painting men and women in the habiliments of their period and country. Angelica Kauffman was not a painter who required any considerable amount of remonstrance from her preceptors to keep her feet from straying in regard to classical traditions. The artist who gave the purest Greek features and the Roman toga alike to the Prodigal Son and King Edward III. could not be said to be capable of greatly erring from Dr. Johnson's precepts.

All through supper the sage continued his discourse at intervals of eating, giving his hearty commendation to Sir Joshua's conscientious adherence to classical traditions, and shouting down Goldsmith's mild suggestion that it might be possible to adhere to these traditions so faithfully as to inculcate a certain artificiality of style which might eventually prove detrimental to the best interests of art.

"What Sir!" cried Johnson, rolling like a three-decker swinging at anchor, and pursing out his lips,

"would you contend that a member of Parliament should be painted for posterity in his every-day clothes—that the King should be depicted as an ordinary gentleman?"

"Why, yes, Sir, if the King were an ordinary gentleman," replied Goldsmith.

Whitefoord, who never could resist the chance of making a pun, whispered to Oliver that in respect of some Kings there was more of the ordinary than the gentleman about them, and when Miss Reynolds insisted on his phrase being repeated to her, Johnson became grave.

"Sir," he cried, turning once more to Goldsmith, "there is a very flagrant example of what you would bring about. When a monarch, even depicted in his robes and with the awe-inspiring insignia of his exalted position, is not held to be beyond the violation of a punster, what would he be if shown in ordinary garb? But you, Sir, in your aims after what you call the natural, would, I believe, consider seriously the advisability of the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey being written in English."

"And why not, Sir?" said Goldsmith; then, with a twinkle, he added, "For my own part, Sir, I hope that I may live to read my own epitaph in Westminster Abbey written in English."

Everyone laughed, including—when the bull had been explained to her—Angelica Kauffman.

After supper Sir Joshua put his fair guest into her chair, shutting its door with his own hands, and shortly afterwards Johnson and Whitefoord went off together. But still Goldsmith, at the suggestion of Reynolds, lingered in the hope that Baretti would call. He had probably been detained at the house of a friend, Reynolds said, and if he should pass Leicester Square on his way home, he would certainly call to explain the reason of his absence from the meeting.

When another half-hour had passed, however, Goldsmith rose and said that as Sir Joshua's bed-time was at hand, it would be outrageous for him to wait any longer. His host accompanied him to the hall, and Ralph helped him on with his cloak. He was in the act of receiving his hat from the hand of the servant when the hall-bell was rung with startling violence. The ring was repeated before Ralph could take the few steps to the door.

"If that is Baretti who rings, his business must be indeed urgent," said Goldsmith.

In another moment the door was opened, and the light of the lamp showed the figure of Steevens in the porch. He hurried past Ralph, crying out so as to reach the ear of Reynolds.

"A dreadful thing has happened to-night, Sir! Baretti was attacked by two men in the Haymarket, and he killed one of them with his knife. He has been arrested, and will be charged with murder before Sir John Fielding in the morning. I heard of the terrible business just now, and lost no time coming to you."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Goldsmith. "I was waiting for Baretti in order to warn him."

"You could not have any reason for warning him against such an attack as was made upon him," said Steevens. "It seems that the fellow whom Baretti was unfortunate enough to kill was one of a very disreputable gang well known to the constables. It was a Bow Street runner who stated what his name was."

shall go to him and tell him that he may depend on our help, such as it is."

The coach in which Steevens had come to Leicester Square was still waiting, and in it they all drove to where Baretti was detained in custody. The constables would not allow them to see the prisoner, but they offered to convey to him any message which his friends might have, and also to carry back to them his reply.

Goldsmith was extremely anxious to get from Baretti's own lips an account of the assault which had been made upon him; but he could not induce the constables to allow him even into his presence. They, however, bore in his message to the effect that he might depend on the help of all his friends in his emergency.

Sir Joshua sent for the watchmen by whom the arrest had been effected, and they stated that Baretti had been seized by the crowd—a far from reputable crowd—so soon as it was known that a man had been stabbed, and he had been handed over to the constables, while a surgeon examined the man's wound, but was able to do nothing for him; he had expired in the surgeon's hands.

Baretti's statement made to the watch was that he was on his way to the meeting of the Academy, and being very late, he was hurrying through the Haymarket when a woman jostled him, and at the same instant two men rushed out from the entrance to Jermyn Street and attacked him with heavy sticks. One of the men closed with him to prevent his drawing his sword, but he succeeded in freeing one arm, and in defending



*She flung her arms around his neck and kissed him again and again on his cheeks.*

"And what was his name?" asked Reynolds.

"Richard Jackson," replied Steevens. "Of course we never heard the name before. The attack upon Baretti was the worst that could be imagined."

"The world is undoubtedly rid of a great rascal," said Goldsmith.

"Undoubtedly; but that fact will not save our friend from being hanged, should a jury find him guilty," said Steevens. "We must make an effort to avert so terrible a thing. That is why I came here now: I tried to speak to Baretti, but the constables would not give me permission. They carried my name to him, however, and he sent out a message asking me to go without delay to Sir Joshua and you, as well as Dr. Johnson and Mr. Garrick. He hopes you may find it convenient to attend before Sir John Fielding at Bow Street in the morning."

"That we shall," said Sir Joshua. "He shall have the best legal advice available in England; and, meantime, we

himself with the small fruit-knife which he invariably carried about with him, as was the custom in France and Italy, where fruit is the chief article of diet, he had undoubtedly stabbed his assailant, and by a great mischance he must have severed an artery.

The Bow-Street runner who had seen the dead body told Reynolds and his friends that he recognised the man as one Jackson, who had formerly held a commission in the Army, and had been serving in America, when, being tried by court-martial for some irregularities, he had been sent to England by Cornwallis. He had been living by his wits for some months, and had recently joined a very disreputable gang, who occupied a house in Whetstone Park.

"So far from our friend having been guilty of a criminal offence, it seems to me that he has rid the country of a vile rogue," said Goldsmith.

"If the jury take that view of the business they'll acquit the gentleman," said the Bow Street runner.

"But I fancy the judge will tell them that it's the business of the hangman only to rid the country of its rogues."

Goldsmith could not but perceive that the man had accurately defined the view which the law was supposed to take of the question of getting rid of the rogues, and his reflections as he drove to his chambers, having parted from Sir Joshua Reynolds and Steevens, made him very unhappy. He could not help feeling that Baretti was the victim of his—Goldsmith's—want of consideration. What right had he, he asked himself, to drag Baretti into a matter in which the Italian had no concern? He felt that a man of the world would certainly have acted with more discretion, and if anything happened to Baretti he would never forgive himself.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

After a very restless night, he hastened to Johnson, but found that Johnson had already gone to Garrick's house, and at Garrick's house Goldsmith learned that Johnson and Garrick had driven to Edmund Burke's; so it was plain that Baretti's friends were losing no time in setting about helping him. They all met in the Bow Street Police Court, and Goldsmith found that Burke had already instructed a lawyer on behalf of Baretti. His tender heart was greatly moved at the sight of Baretti when the latter was brought into Court, and placed in the dock, with a constable on each side. But the prisoner himself appeared to be quite collected, and seemed proud of the group of notable persons who had come to show their friendship for him. He smiled at Reynolds and Goldsmith, and, when the witnesses were being examined, polished the glasses of his spectacles with the greatest composure. He appeared to be confident that Sir John Fielding would allow him to go free when evidence was given that Jackson had been a man of notoriously bad character, and he seemed greatly surprised when the magistrate announced that he was returning him for trial at the next sessions.

Goldsmith asked Sir John Fielding for permission to accompany the prisoner in the coach that was taking him to Newgate, and his request was granted.

He clasped Baretti's hand with tears in his eyes when they set out on this melancholy drive, saying—

"My dear friend, I will never forgive myself for having brought you to this."

"Psha, Sir!" said Baretti. "Tis not you, but the foolish laws of this country that must be held accountable for the situation of the moment. In what country except this could a thing so ridiculous occur? A gross ruffian attacks me, and in the absence of any civil force for the protection of the people, I am compelled to protect myself from his violence. It so happens that instead of the fellow killing me, I by accident kill him, and lo! a pig-headed magistrate sends me to be tried for my life! Mother of God! that is what is called the course of justice in this country! The course of idiocy it had much better be called!"

"Do not be alarmed," said Goldsmith. "When you appear before a judge and jury you will most certainly be acquitted. But can you forgive me for being the cause of this great inconvenience to you?"

"I can easily forgive you, having no reason to hold you in any way responsible for this contrempt," said Baretti. "But I cannot forgive that very foolish person who sat on the bench at Bow Street and failed to perceive that my act had saved his constables and his hangman a considerable amount of trouble! Heavens! that such carrion as the fellow whom I killed should be regarded sacred—as sacred as though he were an Archbishop! Body of Bacchus! was there ever a contention so ridiculous?"

"You will only be inconvenienced for a week or two, my dear friend," said Goldsmith. "It is quite impossible that you could be convicted—oh, quite impossible. You shall have the best counsel available, and Reynolds and Johnson and Beauclerk will speak for you."

But Baretti declined to be pacified by such assurances. He continued railing against England and English laws until the coach arrived at Newgate.

It was with a very sad heart that Goldsmith, when he was left alone in the coach, gave directions to be driven to the Hornecks' house in Westminster. On leaving his chambers in the morning, he had been uncertain whether it was right for him to go at once to Bow Street or to see Mary Horneck. He felt that he should relieve Mary from the distress of mind from which she had suffered for so long, but he came to the conclusion that he should let nothing come between him and his duty in respect of the man who was suffering by reason of his friendship for him, Goldsmith. Now, however, that he had discharged his duty so far as he could in regard to Baretti, he lost no time in going to the Jessamy Bride.

Mrs. Horneck again met him in the hall. Her face was very grave, and the signs of recent tears were visible on it.

"Dear Dr. Goldsmith," she said, "I am in deep distress about Mary."

"How so, Madam?" he gasped, for a dreadful thought had suddenly come to him. Had he arrived at this house only to hear that the girl was at the point of death?

"She returned from Barton last night, seeming even more depressed than when she left town," said Mrs. Horneck. "But who could fancy that her condition was so low as to be liable to such complete prostration as was brought about by my son's announcement of this news about Signor Baretti?"

"It prostrated her?"

"Why, when Charles read out an account of the unhappy affair which is printed in one of the papers, Mary listened breathlessly, and when he read out the name of the man who was killed, she sank from her chair to the floor in a swoon, just as though the man had been one of her friends, instead of one whom none of us could ever possibly have met."

"And now?"

"Now she is lying on the sofa in the drawing-room awaiting your coming with strange impatience—I told her that you had been here yesterday and also the day before. She has been talking very strangely since she awoke from her faint—accusing herself of bringing her friends into

trouble, but evermore crying out, 'Why does he not come—why does he not come to tell me all that there is to be told?' She meant you, dear Dr. Goldsmith. She has somehow come to think of you as able to soothe her in this curious imaginary distress from which she is suffering quite as acutely as if it were a real sorrow. Oh, I was quite overcome when I saw the poor child lying as if she were dead before my eyes! Her condition is the more sad as I have reason to believe that Colonel Gwyn means to call to-day."

"Never mind Colonel Gwyn for the present, Madam," said Goldsmith. "Will you have the goodness to lead me to her room. Have I not told you that I am confident that I can restore her to health?"

"Ah, Dr. Goldsmith; if you could!—ah, if you only could! But alas, alas!"

He followed her upstairs to the drawing-room where he had had his last interview with Mary. Even before the door was opened the sound of sobbing within the room came to his ears.

"Now, my dear child," said her mother with an affectionate cheerfulness, "you see that Dr. Goldsmith has kept his word. He has come to his Jessamy Bride."

The girl started up, but the struggle she had to do so showed him most pathetically how weak she was.

"Ah, he is come—he is come!" she cried. "Leave him with me, mother; he has much to tell me."

"Yes," said he; "I have much."

Mrs. Horneck left the room after kissing the girl's forehead.

She had hardly closed the door before Mary caught Goldsmith's hand spasmodically in both her own—he felt how they were trembling—as she cried—

"The terrible thing that has happened! He is dead—you know it, of course? Oh, it is terrible—terrible! But the letters!—they will be found upon him or at the place where he lived, and it will be impossible to keep my secret longer. Will his friends—he had evil friends, I know—will they print them, do you think? Ah, I see by your face that you believe they will print the letters, and I shall be undone—undone."

"My dear," he said, "you might be able to bear the worst news that I could bring you; but will you be able to bear the best?"

"The best! Ah, what is the best?"

"It is more difficult to prepare for the best than for the worst, my child. You are very weak, but you must not give way to your weakness."

She stared at him with wistful, expectant eyes. Her hands were clasped more tightly than ever upon his own. He saw that she was trying to speak, but failing to utter a single word.

He waited for a few moments and then drew out of his pocket the packet of her letters, and gave it to her. She looked at it strangely for certainly a minute. She could not realise the truth. She could only gaze mutely at the packet. He perceived that that gradual dawning of the truth upon her meant the saving of her life. He knew that she would not now be overwhelmed with the joy of being saved.

Then she gave a sudden cry. The letters dropped from her hand. She flung her arms around his neck and kissed him again and again on the cheeks. Quite as suddenly she ceased kissing him and laughed—not hysterically, but joyously, as she sprang to her feet with scarcely an effort and walked across the room to the window that looked upon the street. He followed her with his eyes and saw her gazing out. Then she turned round with another laugh that rippled through the room. How long was it since he had heard her laugh in that way?

She came toward him, and then he knew that he had his reward, for her cheeks that had been white were now glowing with the roses of June, and her eyes that had been dim were sparkling with gladness.

"Ah," she cried, putting out both her hands to him. "Ah, I know that I was right in telling you my secret and in asking you to help me. I knew that you would not fail me in my hour of need, and you shall be dear to me for evermore for having helped me. There is no one in the world like you, dear Oliver Goldsmith. I have always felt that—so good, so true, so full of tenderness and that sweet simplicity which has made the greatest and best people in the world love you, as I love you, dear, dear friend." Oh, you are a friend to be trusted—a friend who would be ready to die for his friend. Gratitude—you do not want gratitude. It is well that you do not want gratitude, for what could gratitude say to you for what you have done? You have saved me from death—from worse than death—and I know that the thought that you have done so will be your greatest reward. I will always be near you, that you may see me and feel that I live only because you stretched out your kind hand and drew me out of the deep waters—the waters that had well-nigh closed over my head."

He sat before her, looking up to the sweet face that looked down upon him. His eyes were full of tears. The world had dealt hardly with him; but he felt that his life had not been wholly barren of gladness, since he had lived to see—even through the dimness of tears—so sweet a face looking into his own with eyes full of the light of—was it the gratitude of a girl? Was it the love of a woman?

He could not speak. He could not even return the pressure of the small hands that clasped his own with all the gracious pressure of the tendrils of a climbing flower.

"Have you nothing to say to me—no word to give me at this moment?" she asked in a whisper, and her head was bent closer to his, and her fingers seemed to him to tighten somewhat around his own.

"What word?" said he. "Ah, my child, what word should come from such a man as I to such a woman as you? No, I have no word. Such complete happiness as is mine at this moment does not seek to find expression in words. You have given me such happiness as I never hoped for in my life. You have understood me—you alone, and that to such as I means happiness."

She dropped his hands so suddenly as almost to suggest that she had flung them away from her. She took an impatient step or two in the direction of the window.

"You talk of my understanding you," she said in a voice that had a sob in it. "Yes, but have you no thought

of understanding me? Is it only a man's nature that is worth trying to understand? Is a woman's not worthy of a thought?"

He started up and seemed about to stretch his arms out to her, but with a sudden drawing in of his breath he put his hands behind his back and locked the fingers of both together.

Thus he stood looking at her while she had her face averted, not knowing the struggle that was going on between the two powers that are ever in the throes of conflict within the heart of a man who loves a woman well enough to have no thought of himself—no thought except for her happiness.

"No," he said at last. "No, my dear, dear child; I have no word to say to you! I fear to speak a word. The happiness that a man builds up for himself may be destroyed by the utterance of one word. I wish to remain happy—watching your happiness—in silence. Perhaps I may understand you—I may understand something of the thought which gratitude suggests to you."

"Ah, gratitude!" said she in a tone that was sad even in its scornfulness. She had not turned her head toward him.

"Yes, I may understand something of your nature—the sweetest, the tenderest that ever made a woman blessed; but I understand myself better, and I know in what direction lies my happiness—in what direction lies your happiness."

"Ah! are you sure that they are two—that they are separate?" said she. And now she moved her head slowly so that she was looking into his face.

There was a long pause. She could not see the movement of his hands. He still held them behind him. At last he said slowly—

"I am sure, my dear one. Ah, I am but too sure. Would to God there were a chance of my being mistaken! Ah, dear, dear child, it is my lot to look on happiness through another man's eyes. And, believe me, there is more happiness in doing so than the world knows of. No, no! Do not speak—for God's sake, do not speak to me! Do not say those words which are trembling on your lips, for they mean unhappiness to both of us."

She continued looking at him; then suddenly, with a little cry, she turned away, and throwing herself down on the sofa, burst into tears, with her face upon one of the arms, which her hands held tightly.

After a time he went to her side and laid a hand upon her hair.

She raised her head and looked up to him with streaming eyes. She put a hand out to him, saying in a low but clear voice—

"You are right. Oh, I know you are right. I will not speak that word; but I can never—never cease to think of you as the best—the noblest—the truest of men. You have been my best friend—my only friend—and there is no dearer name that a man can be called by a woman."

He bent his head and kissed her on the forehead, but spoke no word.

A moment afterwards Mrs. Horneck entered the room.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the girl, starting up, "I knew that I was right—I knew that Dr. Goldsmith would be able to help me. Ah, I am a new girl since he came to see me. I feel that I am well once more—that I shall never be ill again! Oh, he is the best doctor in the world!"

"Why, what a transformation there is already!" said her mother. "Ah, Dr. Goldsmith was always my dear girl's friend!"

"Friend—friend!" she said slowly, almost gravely. "Yes, he was always my friend, and he will be so for ever—my friend—our friend."

"Always, always," said Mrs. Horneck. "I am doubly glad to find that you have cast away your fit of melancholy, my dear, because Colonel Gwyn has just called and expresses the deepest anxiety regarding your condition. May I not ask him to come up in order that his mind may be relieved by seeing you?"

"No, no! I will not see Colonel Gwyn to-day," cried the girl. "Send him away—send him away. I do not want to see him. I want to see no one but our good friend Oliver Goldsmith. Ah, what did Colonel Gwyn ever do for me that I should wish to see him?"

"My dear Mary—"

"Send him away, dear mother. I tell you that indeed I am not yet sufficiently recovered to be able to have a visitor. Dr. Goldsmith has not yet given me a good laugh, and till you come and find us laughing together as we used to laugh in the old days, you cannot say that I am myself again."

"I will not do anything against your inclinations, child," said Mrs. Horneck. "I will tell Colonel Gwyn to renew his visit to you next week."

"Do, dear mother," cried the girl, laughing. "Say next week, or next year, sweetest of mothers, or—best of all—say that he had better come by and by, and then add, in the true style of Mr. Garrick, that 'by and by is easily said.'"

(To be concluded in our Next.)

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A SUCCESSFUL FORAY.

*By Archibald Thorburn,*

## ART NOTES.

The Society of Miniaturists has combined with the Portrait-Painters to make the Grafton Galleries attractive for the next few months. This branch of art, after long neglect, is now "booming," and two rival societies already dispute the honour of specially representing it. The attractions of the present exhibition are greatly enhanced by the loan collection, to which some of the most notable enthusiasts in this line have freely contributed. One is able to see how Cosway and his wife, Engelheart, Zincke and the two Russells, raised miniature-painting to the eminence it once possessed. Lord Ronald Gower should succeed in reviving an interest in this long-eclipsed art, for he finds many well-disposed artists ready to gratify the public taste. In the present exhibition many have already shown their capabilities at the Royal Academy, where miniature-painting has always been recognised; but the majority are new-comers, whose chief characteristic is imitative-ness rather than originality.

The Society of Portrait-Painters has brought together a goodly collection of things new and old. With some of the latter we might have dispensed; and the addition of works in "black and white," and of caricatures which have been reproduced elsewhere, gives diversity rather than dignity to the exhibition. The tribute to the late President, Sir John Millais, in the form of a collection of his portraits of his family, is one of the most interesting features. That of Lady Millais, now shown in public for the first time, is a fine specimen of her husband's most finished work. There is an interesting portrait also of Miss Fuller Maitland, one of Millais' earliest works, happily hung beside a portrait

Mount Hymettus.  
The Stadium.The Stadium Bridge  
(the only Bridge which withstood the Flood).

FLOODED ATHENS: THE DAY AFTER THE INUNDATION—THE RIVER ILISSUS JUST ABOVE THE STADIUM.

See Next Page.

group of Dagnan-Bouveret, which shows how little Millais understood in those days the art of painting in the open air. The Glasgow school is strongly represented by Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Lavery, and others, and one of the most striking pictures in the gallery is M. Blanche's family group, a *chef d'œuvre* of unconventional but effective portraiture.

Lord Leighton's memory will be kept alive—at least through the winter—and his claims to a more permanent place in the history of British art will be subjected to the

M. Dalpayrat to give a course of instruction to the art pupils, but with the exception of Mr. Alexander Fisher, now Demonstrator to the City Guilds Institute, none showed any appreciation of the effort. From a somewhat earlier period Mr. and Miss Dawson had been working in the same direction, and had brought their delicate work to a rare degree of perfection. It is satisfactory to learn that at the Bedford Park School of Art it is now decided to take up both translucent and opaque enamelling as a specific subject of study, and it is hoped that connoisseurs will appreciate the results of this undertaking.



Photo Laurie, Nainital, India.

PICTURESQUE INDIA: SNOWS AROUND THE PINDRI GLACIER, VIEWED TEN MILES AWAY.

closest scrutiny. At Burlington House his finished pictures will furnish the whole exhibition, while the Fine Art Society has collected the studies for his pictures from his cabinets. These studies embrace the whole period of Lord Leighton's career from his boyhood to the last week of his life, and cannot fail to be of interest to amateurs and artists. Should the generous offer made by Lord Leighton's sisters to hand over to the nation the former President's house be accepted, the retention of these studies for future generations of students would be advisable.

It is surprising that no sustained effort has been made by craftsmen to revive the art of enamelling, which at a very early period reached a high degree of perfection in this country centuries before the chief seat of its manufacture was transferred to Limoges. In Italy, France, and England the art fell into disrepute for a long period, and it was only fifty years ago that a systematic attempt was made to revive it in France under Government patronage. In this country the Director for Art at South Kensington some ten years ago engaged the services of

## FLOODED ATHENS.

*From Sketches made on the spot by the Rev. William Bourchier, Chaplain of H.M.S. "Hood."*

Some account has already been given in our columns of the havoc caused by the terrific thunderstorm and its attendant floods which burst over Athens and the Piraeus on Nov. 26, and to-day we publish Illustrations of sundry scenes of disaster from sketches made by an eye-witness. Fortunately enough, none of the archaeological treasures of Athens were injured by the storm, but the low-lying suburbs on either side of the river Ilissus, inhabited for the most part by the poorest class of Athenian artisans, were completely submerged by the floods. Great distress still prevails in these districts, especially in the suburb of Batrachonisi, by reason of the damage done to property, and the disorganisation of the work carried on at several large factories. By a peculiar irony of fate, dramatically appropriate to their presence on a site famous in Greek tragedy, the wretched Armenian refugees encamped at Colonos were driven by the flood from the haven to which they had fled from slaughter. Strange sights were to be seen when day broke after the storm—children floating through the town in their cradles, some alive, some no longer living. The members of one family were discovered by a rescue party standing on a table, having contrived just to keep their heads above water; and many of the survivors were found to have escaped only by spending the night in the branches of trees. The hundred or more victims of the flood probably perished by reason of the suddenness of the water's descent, for though all the church bells and the



FLOODED ATHENS: WRECK OF THE VATROCHONESION BRIDGE, THE ILISSUS RISING 20 FEET ABOVE ITS LEVEL.

Temple of Zeus Olympios.

The Parthenon.



FLOODED ATHENS: THE DAY AFTER THE STORM—THE ILISSUS NEARLY DRY AGAIN AND SPECTATORS WALKING IN THE RIVER BED.

steam whistles of the many factories gave the alarm, the volume of the flood fell on the city before safety could be sought by many of its inhabitants.

Other villages in Attica suffered a good deal from the storm, though none so severely as the capital. The cause of the increase in destructive floods in Greece of recent years is said to lie in the steady diminution of the forests which clothed the mountains of old. The hillside soil once sheltered and held firm by luxuriant woodland growth is now laid bare, and offers no resistance to the waters which course down to the plains with tremendous force under stress of any heavy storm.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There has been much regret over the death of Dr. Hubert Ashton Holden. He was one of the best classical scholars of his day, and an excellent teacher. His twenty-five years as Head Master of Ipswich School were signal and famous. Dr. Holden's later years were not without severe trial, but he was busy almost to the last. If I were asked to name the two most beautiful and distinguished handwritings I have seen, I would put first that of Dr. Holden, and next that of Mr. W. H. Mallock, as it was about fifteen years ago. Mr. Mallock now resembles most literary men in the fact that his penmanship is not much to boast of.

The late Bishop Tufnell, who died recently at Chichester in the eighty-third year of his age, began his work at Brisbane with an episcopal income of £200. His career was varied and adventurous, and it is to be regretted that he has left no record of it.

The Rev. Archibald G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, one of the leading Nonconformist ministers in

London, has resigned his charge owing to failure of strength. Mr. Brown has for many years commanded an immense congregation in the East London Tabernacle, and he was very prominently named as the successor of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.

Among the select preachers at Oxford for the Michaelmas term 1897 are Dr. Jessopp, Archdeacon Sinclair, Canon Wilberforce, and the Rev. W. B. Duggan, Vicar of St. Paul's, Oxford. Mr. Duggan's nomination seems to have given special satisfaction. He is considered to be a preacher of great power.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, says that there were over three thousand churches in the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies of America that did not report a single member added by profession of faith last year. It should be remembered, however, that many of the churches in America are very small, and that, taken over all, the rate of increase is very much greater than in our own country.

It is stated that in 1871 there were 1,270,000 native Christians in India. In 1881 there were over 1,600,000; and in 1891 there were 2,000,000.

Mr. Selous has been having a controversy with the *Guardian*, which has accused him of "indiscriminate massacres of natives." Mr. Selous emphatically repudiates the accusation, and says that the hands of the savages were red with the blood of three hundred Europeans, amongst them women and children, and that when they were defeated and killed they carried arms in their hands. The *Guardian* says that "indiscriminate massacres" does not mean slaughter without provocation, but slaughter without inquiry, and it gives extracts in corroboration of its statements.

The Life of Archbishop Magee is now in the third thousand. Considering the price at which it is published, this must be a very great success. Mr. Gladstone's edition of Butler and his studies has had only a moderate sale.

V.



FLOODED ATHENS: THE PIRAEUS AND SUBURBS SEEN FROM THE OBELISK OF PHALERUM.

## LITERATURE.

## BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is at his very best in *Margaret Ogilvy* (Hodder and Stoughton), and at his very best throughout. The book promises to be exceedingly popular, and this is easily understood. It is a great idyll of motherhood, and must appeal to every mother and to every son, a body which includes most women and all men. Its intimacy may be challenged by some, but it never crosses the line of perfect reticence and taste. The writers it recalls most are Carlyle in his references to his mother, and Loti in his sketch of his aunt. But Mr. Barrie has surpassed these great writers on their own ground. Carlyle's portrait is never elaborate or finished, and Loti's passes the limits of good taste. The book is a small one, but it is pure gold, and not a line of it could be spared. Incidentally it brings out many of the author's characteristic traits, his passionate affection for Stevenson, his deep attachment to the religion of his ancestors, his reticent sayings, and his modest opinion of his own achievement. It may be said with perfect certainty that no book of this season will be so welcome as this.

Mr. Jacobs' new Christmas book, *The Book of Wonder Voyages* (Nutt) holds out a prospect of sequel after sequel. He has found room for the history of four voyages—that of the Argonauts; of Maelduin; of Hassan of Bassorah, from "The Arabian Nights"; and the Journeyings of Thorkill and of Eric the Far-Travelled, compiled from the "Eric Saga" and from "Saxo Grammaticus." Another Christmas ought to bring in his versions of, or selections from, Marco Polo and the *Odyssey*. We talk a deal of nonsense to-day about orderly construction, and of books being built on an architectural plan; but no one, neither writers nor readers, pays any attention; for whatever our theories, we know that the best stories in the world are those that go on and on, and have no inevitable end at all, strings of episodes, dateless and full of digressions, that can be taken up each playtime and successfully plunged into almost anywhere. That is half the charm of these wanderers' tales. The inventors and writers stopped only for want of breath or matter, and not from any artificial law of development, and they weary us the less. Mr. Jacobs has added some learned comments to give grave elders an excuse for enjoying the stories and Mr. Batten's pictures.

The publication of plays in book form is distinctly in a stage of revival. The success of the "Tempo Shakspere" has resulted in the preparation, by Messrs. Dent of a Temple edition of the great Elizabethans. And now Mr. Thomas Donovan has arranged for acting and reading purposes a series of *English Historical Plays* (Macmillan) in two closely printed volumes. Shakspere's histories are fairly familiar. Marlowe, Peele, Heywood, Fletcher, and Ford remain literary curiosities to the great mass of Englishmen. Mr. Donovan has taken them down from the shelf, dusted the edges, and polished the boards in the hope that readers of to-day may say amen to Coleridge, who believed that "it would be a fine national custom to act such a series of dramatic histories in orderly succession." The few purists among us will possibly repudiate Mr. Donovan's dallying with Dalyism; but if he gets the great Elizabethans read at all his reprint will have served a good end. There is infinitely more hope, however, for two charming reprints of eighteenth-century comedy just issued. So like are these in appearance that one might mistake them for the products of the same publisher. Mr. George Allen gives us *Goldsmith's Comedies*, with an introduction by Mr. Joseph Jacobs and illustrations by Miss Chris. Hammond. *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* come from Macmillan's, with pictures by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, and a preface by Mr. Birrell. Mr. Jacobs is less diffuse than Mr. Birrell on this occasion. When he says, however, that Goldsmith's comedies are "cuts from the joint of Human Nature," one regrets the infelicity of his phrasology. He advances the tentative proposition that all the bits in dramas and novels that really live are merely dressed up reminiscences of actual occurrences. Mr. Birrell, on the other hand, believes that the risk which "The School for Scandal" has to face is the possibility of its being found trespassing on the borderlands of truth and reality, and evoking genuine feeling. Mr. Birrell the politician is naturally interested in Mr. Sheridan, M.P., but in an introduction like this that aspect of the "incomparable Brinsley" is out of place, and in the present instance looks too much like some *obiter dicta* in Mr. Fraser Rae's biography. Miss Chris. Hammond's illustrations to the Goldsmith are excellent. Mr. Sullivan's sketches for the Sheridan show less of Mr. Abbey's influence. These two volumes are among the prettiest reprints of the season.

Miss Braddon in *London Pride* (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) has "assumed a virtue if she hath it not" by presenting to us what is virtually a three-volume novel—and long at that—in one volume. Like the Irishman, to borrow an illustration from Coleridge's "Friend," she has passed a light sovereign between two halfpennies; but the sovereign is light. The plot is singularly slight for the weight it has to carry, while the characters are either too much above or too much beneath our sympathies. "Sis sus, sis divus; sum caltha, et non tibi spiro." The heroine, Lady Angela, is too saintly, and yet not consistently saintly; for surely a heroine of such angelic piety and purity would never swear away in court her own character, even to save from the consequences of his treachery and brutality to her the man she loved. Nor is this man, Lord Farcham, self-consistent. He was the last man to be guilty of such melodramatic villainy for the ruin of the girl to whom he owed his life. As for his wife and her paramour, de Malfort, they are altogether lighter than vanity itself, and interest the reader as little as two butterflies zig-zagging together across a garden. On the other hand, we have vivid pictures of the Plague of London and of its moral analogue, the Court of Charles II. By the way, the very last virtue with which we should have credited Charles's mistress, Lady Castlemaine, in any of her

moods and moments, and least of all in a mood and moment of jealous fury with her rival Frances Stewart, is "self-forgetfulness," which, presumably, therefore, must have a different significance in the following passage from that to be found in any dictionary: "The company melted out of the room, all but Fareham, who watched Lady Castlemaine as she stood by the hearth in an attitude of hopeless self-forgetfulness."

*The Mistress of Brae Farm* (Richard Bentley) is an ideal novel for the ideal girl—for the girl whose horizon is bounded by the walls of a ladies' school, and whose heroines and heroes are of such stuff as maidens' day dreams are made on. Miss Rosa Nouchette Cary's womenfolk are one and all and altogether saintly, while her men, as Mrs. Poysier says, are made to match them. The hero and heroine at their first meeting, and without waiting even for an introduction, break into a discussion upon the origin and object of evil: "It seems hard, does it not, Colonel Trevor, that some lives should be so very full of trial and care?" "It is one of the difficult problems of life," he replied quickly, "but I doubt if you or I will ever solve it. I do not wish you to think me a pessimist at this early stage of our acquaintance; but I have long given up trying to answer these vexed questions." The Colonel, we must say, is too sweet at the opening of the novel and too cool at its close. He is quite indignant with the mistress of Brae Farm because she declines to marry him, knowing he loved her rival, and protests, like Mrs. John Wood's sailor, that though he certainly did love the other lady, yet "he always was true to his Poll." But Miss Cary has succeeded in making her angelic personages interesting—a difficult feat since—

He is all fault who hath no fault at all:  
The low sun makes the colour.

In a word, "The Mistress of Brae Farm" is just the kind of young girl's story—unobjectionable and yet interesting—for which particular parents, guardians, and school-mistresses are in continual and distracted search.

One of the most breathless adventure-books of the moment is to be found outside fiction, Mr. Thomas E. Taylor's *Running the Blockade: A Personal Narrative of Adventures, Risks, and Escapes during the American Civil War* (Murray). More than half the interest and the freshness come from its being made up of recollections of boyhood. Mr. Taylor was a mere lad when he got down from a high stool in a Liverpool merchant's office and was sent out to Nassau in the Bahamas to run the blockade at Wilmington. It was serious enough in all conscience, but risk and danger were only a better kind of fun in those days. It was the sort of work to turn a boy fast into a man, seeing he had other lives to care for, wretched ships to do his work with, valuable cargoes to be responsible for, and watchful Federal ships to dodge and defy in moonless nights, sometimes even in the light of day. But it was done with a boy's heartiness, dash, and reckless courage. Mr. Taylor glows over the memory of it still. He has been a sportsman since then in various lands. But nothing has ever approached, he says, the thrill of expectation and of risk, or the gaiety of heart when the blockade was run and friends were joined in the old war days. Every book has a serious purpose, if you can only see it, and Mr. Julian Corbett helps us to find one in Mr. Taylor's artless, spirited narrative, by writing an introduction pointing out the use of blockade-running in modern warfare, when torpedoes and search-lights have come to vary the conditions.

Mrs. F. A. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* (Heinemann) is a book which confers a distinct benefit on us and on all our fellow-countrymen, for it helps us to understand the ways of life and thought of some of the nations of the great continent of India, and to see where the shoe of alien government pinches. Carelessness and want of respect for the feelings and beliefs of those once whom we ruled brought about the Mutiny, which even at this date cannot be so much as named without grief and pain at the thought of the cruel sufferings that Englishmen, and, alas, women too, were called upon to endure. Mrs. Steel is thoroughly familiar with Indian life, and sets it vividly before us; from life in the court of the deposed King of Oude to life in the cottage of the meanest and most degraded of his erstwhile subjects. She shows, too, how difficult it is for the most just and conciliatory of rulers not to run counter to some of the many creeds and customs which prevail in India. Her story opens at Meerut, and closes at Delhi, before which our troops had lain encamped for three long months. This story is sometimes a little difficult to follow, for Mrs. Steel is now and then rather obscure, and kills off a character in such a veiled way that we have to read a passage twice at least to be sure he is dead. "General" Nicholson and Jim Douglas, of the many aliases, are brave fellows, but, as a rule, the women in the book (with the exception, of course, of the Queen of Oude) are finer and nobler creatures than the men—noble, that is, in the presence of actual danger; for, had all gone well, no such word as noble could have been applied to their conduct. There are a number of well-drawn characters in this story. Tara, the tigress, tamed by her love for Jim Douglas—Tara, who is "Suttee" when she thinks he loves another, and a faithful dependent when her mind is at rest on that score, but never really happy because she is a rescued "sutler," and, on that account, the lowest of the low; Soma, her brother, ever halting between two opinions and unable either to betray the English or to be quite faithful to them; Jim Douglas and John Nicholson, are all excellently drawn, and the local colour is admirably rendered.

The daintily bound and admirably printed little books which Mr. Fisher Unwin is bringing out under the title of *The Children's Study* should commend themselves to Santa Claus for bestowal upon those little persons—they are woefully on the increase—who like bread-and-butter better than cake, in the widest acceptation of that phrase. The volume of "The Children's Study" here more particularly under consideration, Mr. Barry's "Ireland," is

not written in words of one syllable. Perhaps Mr. O'Brien imagines that the child of to-day will not be puzzled by such wording as the following: "There was no cohesion among these tribes"—"a mere Irishman"; that is, one who had not purchased a charter of denization"—"an Irish famine they regarded as a figment of the Irish imagination"; or perhaps he imagines that the parent of the child of to-day will be able to make clear the meaning attaching to these words. Here and there, perhaps, a parent will be able to do this; on the other hand, here and there probably there will happen something similar to what happened in the case of an English boy who lately asked his mother, "What is 'jejune'?" "I don't know, dear," that mother replied; "probably it's not a nice word. *Don't use it.*" The words used by Mr. O'Brien in the sentences quoted above are manifestly quite nice, but some will think that it would have been better if in a child's history of Ireland he had not used them. Apart from this circumstance, his book, which is as admirable in tone as it is scholarly in matter, is one which is in every respect to be praised.

The most artistic and not the least powerful of "The Pioneer Series" that we have come upon is Mr. Allen Upward's *One of God's Dilemmas* (William Heinemann). A young girl in the first fervour of her conversion makes a *mésalliance* with a Roman Catholic in order to secure his adhesion to the Protestant faith. He professed, in order to win her, to be a convinced "Gospel Christian," whereas he was not, and had never been, a Christian at all. She was not long in discovering that he was an agnostic, or, as she put it, an atheist, and the discovery caused their separation. He goes off to seek and to find fortune in America, without a suspicion of her being *enceinte*, and as this vindictive Gospel Christian never answered one of his appealing letters, it was only after the lapse of many years and by accident that he discovered he had a son. Meanwhile he had done all he could to induce his relentless wife to accept some of the wealth he had won—in vain. He comes to the little seaside resort where she eked out a slender living by letting lodgings, and makes to her there a most pathetic appeal for forgiveness and for a share in the love of their boy; but as he cannot pretend to be what she calls a Christian, she hardens not her own heart only, but also that of his boy against him. Then ensues a struggle between the parents for the love of the boy, and every motive and movement in the heart of each of the three is laid open to us with masterly sureness of touch and uncompromising truth to nature. "Sebastian Bere," says the author of the husband, "was one of those strange beings only met with in real life; he had good and evil in his nature." And the skill with which the conflicting passions and impulses of each of their hearts, and especially in the heart of the boy, are analysed is admirable. The study grows in power as it proceeds, and the final scene of the drowning of the boy and of the meeting of the estranged parents above his dead body on the shore is perfect.

In a daintily got-up volume of charming essays, *Scholar-Gypsies* (John Lane), Mr. Buchan tells the following suggestive story. An old man, who had lived all his life in Skirling, Tweeddale, and had lost all continuity of memory, would say, after he had shown strangers over the sights of the little hamlet: "Ay, it's a bonnie bit place. I've nae faut to find wi' t'. But, oh! it's no yae half as braw as where I bide myself." "Where is that?" "A place they ca' 'Skirling.'" His ideal world was around him, if the dim eyes and soured mind of age would but have allowed him to recognise it—

Quod petis, hic est.  
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit requies.

It is not Nature, life, or the world that is in fault, but our pessimist selves, if we do not see things as Mr. Buchan sees them and picturesquely presents them in these essays. We might commend, by the way, the essay "Nuccs Relictae" to those who write stories for children. "What the little folk desire is the raw stuff of romance, not woven into texture by man's hand: a bare fabric, to vary the image, which they may adorn as it pleases them. This is the source of the deathless fame of 'Crusoe' and 'The Arabian Nights,' of 'Grimm' and the gentlemen who indite facile romances of Indians and slavers. This is why the jewel-work of Andersen is seldom estimated at anything like its worth in a child's mind. Give him the figures and the story, and he will furnish the setting. Nay, more: each of his heroes will step down from the books and bear him company for weeks. There is no lightly come by, lightly gone; for his loves in literature are cherished so well that they linger long into after days."

In the last and best of the stirring sea-yarns Mr. John Arthur Barry has spun for us—*In the Great Deep* (Methuen and Co.)—he says of a South-Sea pirate what might almost as truly be said of the hero of any story of the sea to-day: "He was a perfect anachronism, fully a century after his time." Steam has almost killed the romance of the sea, not only by minimising romantic dangers, but also by minimising the chances of a "sacer vates" to record them. There may be almost as many sailing-ships afloat to-day as there were a century since, but novelists of the calibre of Mr. Clark Russell or of Mr. John Arthur Barry are little likely to be aboard them. Mr. Barry, indeed, sets the scene of one of his breathless adventures on board a steamer, but he has to go back to the War of Secession and to make her a blockade runner, in order to introduce a probable element of romance. E'en, however, when he has no moving accidents by flood or most disastrous chances among the anthropophagi to recount, Mr. Barry, through sheer force of vivid description, can be sufficiently interesting, as in the uneventful voyages recorded in "The First Tea of the Season" and in "A Cruise in a Cutter." He is at his best, though, in such tales of horror as "A Derelict" and "My First Voyage," and in the thrilling scenes of the mutiny of the cannibals on board the *Schoolboy*. By the way, we cannot but think it a mistake to tell such stories in the first person, since the reader can be in no anxiety about the escape of the narrator from the most deadly difficulty or danger, which he must have survived to record.

# CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT



WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

By Marcella Walker.



THE ABBOT'S LARDER IN DANGER.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.



OH, SWEET ARE THE SONGS OF LOVE!

*By Lucien Davis, R.I.*



"Believe me, dear," he kissed his bride,  
And gazed with steadfast eye,  
"Life always shall be Christmastide,  
For Love can never die.

THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

"Yea, let me tell thee o'er and o'er,  
That nought on earth shall part,  
And I shall love thee more and more  
As years go by, dear heart!"



The years flew past, with good and ill,  
And Time has made them grey:  
The gallant is her lover still  
This golden Christmas Day.

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING CHRISTMAS.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

He bends to kiss the gentle brow  
Beneath the mistletoe,  
And whispers "Have I kept the vow  
Of fifty years ago?"



THE HONOURED GUEST.

*By W. H. Overend.*



THE RIVAL WAITS.

By A. Forestier.



A WINTER WALK.

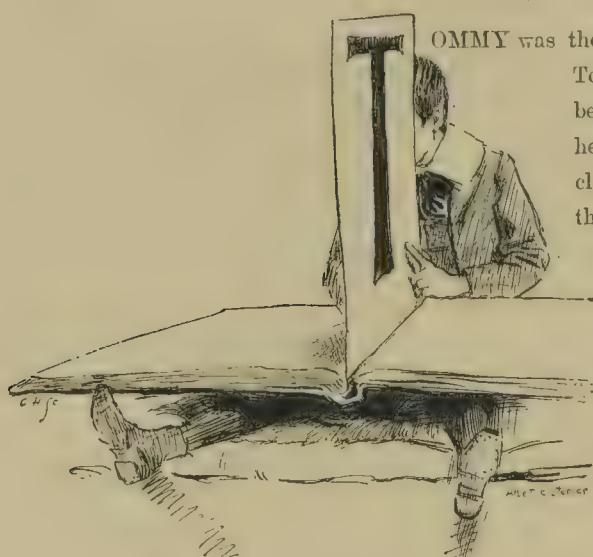
By Alfred Wtheres.

## THE NEW LEAF.

BY BARRY PAIN.

**T**OMMY was the child of strict but beneficent parents.

Tommy himself was neither strict nor beneficent. His school-reports said that he was idle, disobedient, unruly, untidy, clever, unpunctual, and many other things that were equally bad. At that school—which was bountiful and preparatory—there were prize-givings both at Midsummer and Christmas, but Tommy never took one prize. His school-bills were bloated and swollen with charges for "breakages." His father, to encourage habits of thrift, promised that if Tommy saved five shillings during the term, he would give him five more for it. Once Tommy brought back fourpence and suggested that it should be made into eightpence, but this was refused; his offer to compromise—take sixpence-halfpenny and give a quittance in full—was also refused. After that, Tommy grew disheartened and saved no more money, but he left behind him every term a tick which spoke well for the simple and child-like trust of the school confectioner. Some of his faults were, he felt, rather misfortunes than faults. Take, for instance, that charge for the breakage of a large plate-glass window. In a narrow and literal sense, it is true that Tommy did break that window. But he could lay his hand on his heart and say that he had never thrown a stone at a window in his life. He threw the stone at another boy who happened to be in front of the window. He threw straight, and all being well, the stone would have hit the other boy in the face, and no charge would have been made. But the other boy—selfishly—



TOMMY'S FATHER LECTURED HIM.

He now said that if his father would give him half-a-crown—"I've spent all my own money on presents for other people," he added pathetically—he would purchase with it on the following day a note-book, and write down in it a list of some three hundred good resolutions. His father objected. Three hundred would be too many. Let him begin with one—one only, and keep it. He could write it on a slip of paper, and pin it to the wall of his room to serve as a reminder. Then when he found that he had succeeded there, he could add others. "The work of self-improvement is gradual," said his father. Sometimes it is not even that.

Tommy sat up to see the New Year in. He felt the happiness of being virtuous already—good intentions alone had brought it on. He drank the health of the New



HE LEFT BEHIND HIM EVERY TERM A TICK.

moved, and so a valuable window was broken. In other things, however, Tommy owned that there might, perhaps, be something to be said against him.

He had come back from school one Christmas with no prizes, as usual, but with a worse report, a bigger tick, a longer list of breakages, untidier clothes, dirtier hands, a larger appetite, and more ingrained sinfulness than ever before. On New Year's Eve Tommy's father lectured him on the beauty of virtue, the happiness of being virtuous, and the general desirability of seizing this occasion to turn over an entirely new leaf. Tommy was much impressed; he was always an impressionable boy, and his intentions would have done credit to anybody. It was only his conduct that was all wrong.



HE FIXED ON THE WALL A HALF-SHEET OF NOTE-PAPER, ON WHICH HE HAD WRITTEN OUT HIS RESOLUTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Year in a bumper—sherry-glass, to be accurate—of orange-wine and water, and retired to rest. Before he got into bed he fixed on the wall a half-sheet of note-paper on which he had written out his resolution for the New Year. He had resolved always to be down punctually to prayers in the morning.

But if he had felt the happiness of being virtuous before, much more keenly and vividly did he realise it in his sleep. He dreamed that he really had thoroughly reformed. The dream was composed of a series of school scenes melting into each other. First, he was at call-over before morning prayers. Other boys were late, and it pained him to see it, for he had grown to like punctuality. Then he was at work in school; he saw two boys at the desk in front playing noughts and crosses. He wondered they had no better sense of duty. He went through various other scenes in which he kept his temper, gave money to beggars, refused the loan of a crib, and altogether ran the whole gamut of virtue. The closing scene was the most magnificent of all. It was prize-giving day, and the school dining-hall was crowded with boys and the parents of the boys. On a platform at one end were the principal, the under-masters, the examiner, and a table on which were piles of beautifully bound books; while the addition of certain exotics from the principal's conservatory made the scene one of almost tropical splendour. The examiner, erect in gown and hood, was reading his report. He began by being astounded at the general efficiency of the school, reflecting as it did the greatest possible credit upon the principal and his assistants. (This was the usual beginning. No examiner who had failed to begin like that would have been employed again by that principal.) He got at last to a more interesting part. There was one boy, however, who had sent in papers of superlative excellence. He was far, far above all the rest. He had obtained full marks in every subject, and deserved double full marks. His name—and, the examiner was assured, it was a name of which England would hear more—was Thomas Smith. Tommy received the information with jubilant heart, but with outward dignity and calm. In the examiner's opinion, Thomas Smith should receive all the prizes, and he now summoned him to come up and take them. Tommy rose from his seat. Someone called on him for a speech. It appeared to be the principal, and he had to be obeyed. So Tommy said modestly that after all he had only done what he was sure any other man would have done in his place. Here he was interrupted by applause. It grew louder and louder. Everybody stood up and shouted, "Hurrah for Thomas Smith!" The examiner drew a large empty biscuit-tin

from under his chair, and beat on it with one boot which he had removed for the purpose.

And Tommy awoke. The sound of the gong downstairs died away, and Tommy knew that he was late again. He dressed quickly, but sadly. He removed the paper that



he had pinned to the wall, and gazed at the broken resolution. "This is a pretty sort of new leaf!" he said to himself.

So he turned it over. On the back he wrote, "I have resolved during the present year to be kind to dumb animals." Then he pinned it up again, with the broken resolution to the wall, and went downstairs to breakfast.

#### LAUREL AND HOLLY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

**H**OLLY is practically the only large-leaved evergreen which grows quite as a native in the British Isles. It is true, the beautiful crimson arbutus, with its pendulous pinky-white flowers and its brilliant strawberry-like fruits, still lingers on in some half-hearted way along the west coast of Ireland, where it nestles in warm nooks about Killarney and Glen-gariff; while box, if one may venture to call box a large-leaved evergreen, is said to be indigenous on Box Hill, though I doubt its claim to the title of a true-born Briton: it is at best, I believe, a naturalised alien. But with these and a few other doubtful or inconspicuous exceptions, such as spurge-laurel and bearberry, only noted by botanists, one may fairly say we have no really native large-leaved evergreens worth mention except common holly. Holly, however, grows wild everywhere, and what is more, grows undoubtedly wild. Indeed, the wilder the district, the more abundant and larger and more luxuriant are the holly-bushes. It is the one evergreen with broad flat leaves which has succeeded in accommodating itself in the natural state to the cruel and treacherous English winter.

Of course, our gardeners and nursery-men have done their best to make up for this deficiency in our native flora by introducing as many handsome large-leaved evergreens from elsewhere as would stand the stress of our piercing east winds and our frosty January. But the nature and fate of these kindly aliens, which do so much to mitigate the bareness and nakedness of our winter scenery, throws much light on the problems which holly had to solve in order to adapt its crisp green leaves to so rigorous a climate. The chief of these intrusive evergreens are the common laurel (which is not a laurel at all in the

original sense) and the various rhododendrons. The laurel comes to us originally from the mountains about Trebizond; it gained its present inappropriate name from its superficial resemblance to the true laurel or bay-tree, whose title it has now usurped to the almost complete exclusion of the original owner. As for the rhododendrons, they belong for the most part to two allied stocks, one an American from the Alleghanies, the other an Armenian from Western Asia; though they have long since been so hybridised with one another, as well as with sister species from Nepal and elsewhere, that only a very learned specialist could now disentangle the parentage of any particular garden variety. All these large-leaved evergreens, however, are liable to be killed off by severe frosts in England; and so, even more markedly, are the Portugal laurels, which are still less hardy than the so-called common laurel or the rhododendron. The severe winter of 1894-95 cut down a great many laurels and aucubas all over England; indeed, Britain is almost the coldest country in which this group of southern mountain evergreen shrubs can subsist at all; in Canada and New England they cannot endure a single winter.

The origin and history of the large-leaved evergreens is very interesting. They are things of yesterday. Or, perhaps, one ought rather to say, they are the old and original type of perennial; it is the deciduous trees that are mere modern interlopers. During the countless geological ages that preceded the great Glacial Epoch, all trees were evergreens, in the same sense as that in which the southern mangoes and star-apples and orange-trees and magnolias are so to this day. But when the Glacial Epoch began to freeze up all the circumpolar regions north or south, so that a regular alternation of summer and winter became the order of the day in temperate climates, the trees and shrubs of those latitudes had to provide some plan for meeting the annual destruction of their foliage. Various families hit upon various devices. The conifers, for the most part, like the pines and spruce-firs, took to producing small and rather wiry leaves, needle-shaped or closely packed, and protected outside against wintry frosts by a hard, glassy epidermis; though even here the closely allied larches, high mountain conifers of the Alps, which dreaded the crushing weight of snow for their slender branches, adopted the alternative device of withdrawing the living material from their foliage into the permanent tissues, and sacrificing the empty skeletons of their leaves every autumn, to put them forth again in tender fresh green with the succeeding April. As for the mass of forest trees—oaks, ashes, elms, beeches, birches, and maples—they almost universally followed this latter alternative; their thin and tender blades were wholly ill adapted to protect the contained living material against the blasts of winter. With one accord, therefore, they withdrew the active protoplasm of their foliage into the inner layer of bark, and let drop their empty leaves on the approach of autumn. A small group of shrubs, however, for the most part possessed of thick and glossy leaves, determined to brave the winter out, retaining their foliage, and trusting rather to a glassy outer coat than to retreat and withdrawal. Most of these shrubs, like the laurel and the rhododendrons, belong to southern mountain countries with abundant sunlight: they are only experimentally planted in the north, where in a state of nature they could not effectively maintain themselves. Holly, however, forms a marked exception; it lives on in Britain, though under grave difficulties; for in hard weather its leaves are white with hoar frost, and every severe winter kills many holly-bushes. Still more is this the case with gorse and broom, where the living protoplasm is largely diffused through the lithe green branches or the spiky thorns, which turn to silver filigree with every great frost. A cold winter kills them both down to the ground, as happened two years ago; they are not adapted to cope with extremes of temperature. As to the arbutus, that is really a Spanish and Portuguese plant; in earlier and warmer days it spread over the whole of Western Europe; it still lingers on among sheltered bays along the coast of Ireland, in spite of colder times, by virtue of the Gulf Stream, which gives Killarney approximately the winter climate of the Asturias.



HE DREAMED THAT HE REALLY HAD THOROUGHLY REFORMED.



HISTORIC WINDSOR: SKETCHES OF THE CASTLE.

By Herbert Railton.



THE MOATED GRANGE.

*By W. Sargent.*

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

At the time of writing, the question of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's investiture with the Cross of the Legion of Honour is still being debated; and to say the least, one may well doubt if the Grand Chancellor of the Institution, its Council and President, will have the courage to settle it in the sense most agreeable to the admirers of the great tragédienne. The custodians of the Order may well refuse to rush where the great Napoleon himself feared to tread; and he spoke with no uncertain voice about his solitary impulse in that respect.

"In my system," observed the Emperor, "of mingling all kinds of merit, and of instituting one and the selfsame and universal reward for all, I conceived the idea of bestowing the Cross of the Legion of Honour on Talma. Nevertheless, I stopped before the capriciousness of our moral conventions, the ridiculousness of our prejudices, and as a preliminary essay, as a kind of forlorn hope without consequence, I bestowed the Iron Crown on Crescentini. The decoration itself was foreign; its recipient was a foreigner; the act itself was therefore likely to pass without much comment; at any rate it was not calculated to compromise any authority; the worst that could happen was a few more or less of unpleasant jokes. And now, let me show you the nature and the tyranny of public opinion. I who distributed sceptres at my own sweet will, to which sceptres everyone bowed down; well, I had not the power to distribute *successfully* a simple scrap of riband, for I believe that my attempt was an abominable failure."

Napoleon was right. The attempt was not only an abominable failure, but it lent itself to laughter, and where his theatrical patronage was concerned the Emperor wanted to be taken *au grand sérieux*. The Order of the Iron Crown had been bestowed upon Crescentini for his magnificent rendering of "*Ombra adorata*" from Zingarelli's "*Romeo e Giulietta*"; "but the moment the fiat had gone forth," said Auber, who was present on the occasion, his Majesty found that he had made a blunder and was being joked about it." Crescentini, who was as vain as a peacock, nevertheless continued to wear his Order, but the Emperor had had a warning which effectually prevented Talma, a much worthier man than the Italian, though, perhaps, not a greater artist, from being exposed to similar ridicule.

Times have changed since then, and many prejudices with regard to actors have justly disappeared in France; but one thing should be still borne in mind: of all the tragic, dramatic, and lyrical artists that have been decorated meanwhile with the Legion of Honour, not one wears his reward in virtue of his being, or having been, an actor or a singer, but in virtue of his having been something else. I can only name a few, and from memory, not having an official list by me. These few, however, will suffice to prove my contention.

Duprez, who died but a month or so ago, received the Legion of Honour for his services as a composer, not in virtue of his eminence as a singer. He, in fact, had ceased to sing for many a year before the distinction was bestowed upon him. I should not have much difficulty in proving that the officials of the Second Empire would not have shown themselves so generous if the faintest doubt had existed in their minds as to the final retirement from the lyrical stage of the celebrated successor of Nourrit "before they committed themselves." The next investiture of an actor was that of Séveste, connected with the Comédie Française; but his was not the actor's but the soldier's reward, for he was mortally wounded at Buzenval, and was "decorated" while dying.

In 1881, when M. Got was "decorated," great stress was laid upon his titles of Professor of Elocution at the Conservatoire and at the Ecole Normale: very little was said about his eminence as an actor. Contrary to expectations, Regnier did not immediately leave the stage after his appointment to the Legion of Honour; nevertheless, except on the occasion of his series of "farewell performances" he never made his appearance again before the footlights as an actor; he was translated to the serene company of the "legionaries," in the shape of a general stage manager.

Got had nominally to leave all his masterly creations behind him, so had Frédéric Febvre; the one was admitted to the illustrious institution founded by Napoleon as a professor, the other as a philanthropist. "L'Ami Fritz" had to make room for "the Vice-President of the French Benevolent Society in London."

Enough. Here is a story which was told to me some years ago, when the Saxe-Meiningen Company was performing in London. A reputedly great German actor had arranged for a fortnight's starring at one of the minor Principalities. A week had gone by; the house was crammed every evening; the papers were absolutely lavish in their praise. But, to the star's great surprise, his Serene Highness had neither sent for him nor bestowed a mark of his favour in the shape of an Order. The modern Roscius got wroth, packed up his things, and drove to the station. On his way thither he had to pass the Ducal Palace. The Duke was in his garden. "Whither is Herr — going?" asked the Duke, who happened to catch sight of the actor, the carriage being an open one. "Going?" echoed his secretary; "he is going to the railway station; he is not satisfied." And with this, the secretary pointed to his own manly chest, literally ablaze with crosses. "Is that all?" laughed the Duke; "then go and fetch me one." By the time the secretary returned the actor's conveyance was trundling by the Schloss Gates. The Duke stopped it and handed Roscius a neat morocco box. "As a remembrance," he said. Roscius bowed and continued his journey, but for a moment only. "I find there are two crosses, your Highness," he shouted. "That's all right; give the other to the driver." The Cross of the Legion of Honour is almost as cheap nowadays in France.

Now Ready.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Of late days reference has been made to the discovery of a race of tailed men said to have been made by M. Paul d'Enjoy. The account of this discovery is given in a French journal devoted to the advancement of anthropological science; and although a disposition has been shown in certain quarters to discount some of the statements contained in M. d'Enjoy's paper, there seems no adequate reason to doubt the correctness of his account of the Moi race, as the human variety in question is termed. The Mois inhabit the Indo-Chinese region between 11 deg. and 12 deg. latitude and 104 deg. and 106 deg. longitude. The further exploitation of this region should not be a matter of extreme difficulty, one would imagine, so that we may hope for further information concerning the Moi race at no very distant period. M. d'Enjoy, it appears, laid hold of a Moi individual who was climbing a tree in order to gather honey. The tail-appendage was of very apparent nature, but its exact length is not stated. The climbing powers of the Moi were highly developed. The sole of the foot was applied to the tree-surface, after the manner somewhat in which an ape applies its foot in climbing. No information is given us of the development of the great toe in the Moi. This latter point might prove to be highly interesting, if any likeness to the opposable great toe of the ape is found to exist in the tailed men.

M. d'Enjoy, through his Annamite companions, was able to converse with the Moi, who is said to have been by no means of a modest and retiring disposition, but to have boasted considerably, and to have exhibited a high degree of cunning. An anatomical peculiarity noted in the Moi race is the extreme prominence of the ankle-bones, which are described as resembling the spurs of a cock in appearance. Now, the term "ankle-bones" is a very wide one, and for purposes of anatomical precision useless. The outer prominence of our ankle (if the phrase in question may be held to apply to this portion of the foot) is really formed by the end of the fibula, or outer bone of the leg. Until some fuller description of the peculiarity in question reaches us, it would be useless to speculate on the nature of this ankle enlargement; but, if I mistake not, I have heard of an analogous development in connection with some other type of primitive man. Be that as it may, Moi life should form a far more interesting study for an ardent explorer than, say, watching gorillas in an African forest from within the confines of an iron cage. There may be laurels to be gained in the direction of anthropological research by the qualified explorer who will follow in M. d'Enjoy's footsteps.

The Moi people are described by M. d'Enjoy as living in huts which are constructed like burrows; but as they appear to manufacture copper bracelets, their degree of civilisation cannot be regarded as of the most primitive kind. The skulls found in graves in Moi territory are said to be widely different from those of the surrounding and native races; but as the Mois are said to burn their dead (being thereby more advanced than those of us who practise the farce of "burial" at home), it is suggested that the skulls in question may not have belonged to the Moi race at all. We know of cases of "reversion" in civilised nations, in which a tail is occasionally developed, and there appears to be no adequate scientific reason why a tailed race may not exist to represent one of the natural curiosities of primitive mankind. Scientists, however, have always been somewhat chary of crediting accounts of such races given by travellers who do not make pretensions to be scientific observers; so that M. d'Enjoy's description, while doubtless of perfectly trustworthy nature, will require confirmation from the scientific side before it can be regarded as ripe for discussion and comment. After all, a tail does exist, as things are, throughout the entire human race. It is the extremity of the spine, and consists of four rudimentary or vestigial vertebrae, concealed beneath the skin, but occasionally developed to a much greater extent, as I have noted. The higher apes—gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, and gibbon—are as tailless as we are ourselves, and for that matter of it, a frog, which begins life with a long fish-like tail, has no trace of that appendage whatever in its adult condition.

People who are troubled with spectral illusions, and with illusions of other senses (hearing most notably), are told by science that they are simply the subjects of a reversion of the process whereby ordinary sensations from the outer world are transmitted to and registered by the brain; in other words, when the brain-centres project forward on to the receptive parts of eye and ear, the individual becomes conscious of sights and sounds which have no external or objective existence at all. The ghosts (of sights and sounds) which trouble us are all manufactured on the premises. The only spectres which can affect us at all (*pace* the spiritualists and certain distinguished *littérateurs*) come from the inside of our own heads.

A renewed proof of this fact has recently been reported in the shape of a case of hallucinations, wherein a patient aged sixty had for years suffered from the "visitations" of quite a number of ghostly figures. Like Nicolai of Berlin, he had endured his visitations for a lengthened period. When, however, his eye was operated upon for the removal of a cataract the spectral illusions ceased. This is not the only case in which the removal of some irritating condition in the nervous apparatus has resulted in the clearing away of brain-phantoms. With these and many similar cases before us it appears strange that a certain section of the community will still delight to regard apparitions as things exhibiting an external origin. That they continue to believe in the reality of ghosts is only another example of the adage that people like to be deceived.

Mr. Andrew Lang, I observe, lately asked for information regarding the murder of a man called Fisher at Parramatta. The murderer was said to have been detected by Fisher's appearance as a "ghost." An Australian antiquary assures Mr. Labouchere that Fisher, like "Mrs. Harris," was non-existent. Why is it that people will begin their psychical researches with the assumption that every silly story is of necessity true?

LADIES' PAGE.  
DRESS.

A letter lies before me, signed "A. E. R.," which should receive my immediate attention, but, alas! I am afraid I am not able to be of real service, for that mandarin yellow flannel I saw came from Vienna; however, I have no



A RED CLOTH DRESS.

doubt, if my amiable correspondent will write to some of the best West End houses, they will secure her something taking the same tone. I know it exists in London in corduroy velveteen, and there is a great deal of this mandarin yellow being worn in Paris, where it is usually to be seen putting the finishing touch to a fur toque. Indeed, one of the prettiest fur toques I have met this year was made of sable, trimmed with a bunch of mimosa, tied with a rosette of this at one side. The artificial mimosa is quite lovely, and a spray of it may often be found emerging from a cluster of violets set at one side of hats of the most sombre detail, where it will at once exercise an enlivening influence.

Taken altogether, the hats are prettier than they have been for some time, for even those of the largest dimensions are small when compared with the huge erections which erstwhile disfigured the feminine fair, while the little hats are elaborated with the most beautiful embroidery, and the bonnets show again this same predilection for the luxuriously simple, being made with crowns of embroidery, small brims of coloured velvet, and boasting no other trimming save a couple of outstretched wings or a group of black, white, green, or violet ostrich-feathers. I fancy our good friend the cock will have to cease his crowing in a month or so, supposing, of course, that he had sufficient chivalry to crow over the fact that women were seeking industriously after the glory of his plumage, for this is gradually losing its charm for us. We are recognising the superior advantages of the ostrich-feather, and smiling our best welcome on brightly coloured wings. It is a pleasing fact to record, and it is a fact, that the osprey is not nearly so much in favour as it was. Whereas last year it was the rule, now it is the exception, and let us hope that in the immediate future the herons will be able to rest in peace, undisturbed by marauding men in search of the material to satisfy the vanity of woman. Still I must pause to reflect, even whilst I rejoice over this, that the bird-of-paradise plume which now waves over most of the millinery fashionable is perhaps secured at no less personal inconvenience to its original owner, who will in the immediate future want a special society convened for its protection, so charmed are we with the decorative influence of the paradise plume possesses. We adopt it in black, in white, in a bright shade of green, and in violet, and we wear it alike on our hats, on our bonnets, and on our toques. Only yesterday I saw a charming little toque made with a black velvet crown, elaborately embroidered in jet and steel, drawn into a brim of ermine and decked at one side with a paradise plume in black and a paradise plume in white. The cost of this hat must have been something prodigious. It crowned a costly costume, too, which consisted of a skirt of black velvet trimmed at the hem with many rows of black silk braid, completed with a bodice with a short basque made of ermine, overhanging at the waist a belt of black satin drawn through a large steel buckle at the back, having ermine revers in the front and showing a waistcoat of lisse pleated and striped with cream-coloured lace. The sleeves were of black velvet of the bishop order, gathered into cuffs of the ermine, and again I paused to reflect upon the

possible cost of such garments. In this special instance the ermine bodice was becoming, but, as a rule, it is not possessed of such virtue; it requires a very slim waist to wear it with impunity, but whether becoming or not it always looks *chic*, and then we are tempted to overlook the former advantage in favour of the latter. But let me describe that dress sketched on this page. It is made of very dark red cloth with triple revers and basque pieces of dark red velvet, while a pleated front of roseate crêpe-de-chino hangs from the band of velvet which outlines the yoke of cream-coloured lace. A dark red velvet toque crowns this, trimmed at one side with a bunch of cocks' feathers fastened with a jewelled brooch, and at the back is a group of dark red and pink chrysanthemums. The long sable boa and sable muff have special charms against the dark red—but when has sable not special charms? The muff sketched is not according to the latest edict of fashion, which insists that such luxury be made of Brobdingnagian size, perfectly flat and plain.

A charming example of embroidery displays itself on the tea-gown illustrated. This is of light grey velvet adorned with patterns of white lace elaborately worked with steel and silver sequins. The palest of yellow chiffon covered with fine net and lace makes the vest, the basque, and the sleeves of this, which may be voted by the least appreciative as admirable. And admirable, too, was a tea-jacket I met in its company made of white satin brocade lined with rose du Barri silk, with the front and sleeves of black net elaborately shirred. Shirrings, by the way, are much in favour at the moment, and the revers and collar of one of the newest design in ermine bodices may be found formed entirely of these in the finest of black lisse. The amount of work involved is enormous. And shirrings, too, have I met lately forming a collar of the 1830 shape on a chiffon bodice of geranium hue.

An evening dress whose charms I must chronicle before I lay down my pen to-day has a skirt of white satin, lined with pink satin, with a bodice elaborately *diamanté*, brought down into a point below the waist, and cut quite short on the hips, in Marie Antoinette style, the décolletage being undecorated save by the folds of the satin, while the sleeves are made of black tulle. This is quite lovely. And another evening dress I have also seen recently deserving of a similar epithet was of white net, covered with black lisse, heavily traced with silver sequins and diamonds, the full bodice being possessed of a pair of white net sleeves, most elaborately gathered and tucked.

PAULINA PRY.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Mr. John Carter's name is celebrated in medical and nursing circles, for he is the best-known maker of all sorts of invalid appliances. In his handsome show-rooms at 6A, New Cavendish Street, Great Portland Street, are to be seen the most effectual and perfect of invalids' couches, chairs, and everything of the like sort. There are couches that can be moved to any angle at the back and under the knees while the patient lies immovable. There are chairs, of the greatest comfort for ordinary sitting in, that have a foot rest, and a pillow for the neck, and a sloping back changeable at will in its angle, until at last it forms a couch for reclining, the patient himself being able thus to move his position by turning a wheel. There are bath-chairs, either for drawing by hand or for a pony or donkey, such as the Queen patronises. Indian rubber tyres, specially low steps, leather braces and C springs, and every appliance for making motion easy, are provided in these chairs. But it must not be supposed that it is only invalids for whom a present may be picked out from Mr. Carter's stock. The special manufacture of the firm is the "Literary Machine," a most acceptable gift to anybody. In its most complete form it comprises a table that bears a light; and a second stand, fixed on an arm, that bears a book, paper, or tray, over a chair or couch or wherever it may be wanted to be fixed. It moves into any desired position at a touch, and supports a book of any size at any angle of sight; it can be even tipped right over to hold the book above a person lying quite flat in bed. Mr. Carter has had the honour of supplying this machine to nearly every member of the royal family; the German Imperial family, too, and the Czar, the Queen of Sweden, the Queen of Roumania, and many other royal patrons are named. The prices of these useful and marvellously thought-out machines are from 17s. 6d. without a lamp-table, and £2 2s. with one—little enough for so much comfort for the ill or well.

I wonder if anybody does give a bed for a Christmas present! If so, they cannot seek it in a better stocked house than Messrs. Heal's, of 195, Tottenham Court Road. Every sort and variety of bedstead and bedding is a speciality here: rows—I had almost written miles—of these useful adjuncts to furnishing a house being on view; the most costly and the humblest can alike be had. A good bed is so great a point in daily life that really it would make an excellent gift from anybody intimate enough to offer it. Pillows for covering for the drawing-room in brocades or embroideries at one's own option can be had in many sizes and all qualities.

Messrs. Smith and Son, at 9, Strand, a few doors from Charing Cross, have a fine display of corsage watches, as

well as others, suitable for gifts. The one illustrated is the cheapest and prettiest thing of its kind that I have seen, a little watch in a gold half-hunter case together with a good sized butterfly watch in diamonds, the body of whole pearls, and lighted up in the wings with sapphires or rubies at the option of the buyer, and made so as to be worn either as an ordinary brooch or a hair-pin, as well as for a support of the watch on the corsage—the whole for the incredible price of £7 7s.; the brooch alone is but £4 4s. An equally really remarkably cheap, though more costly, special article there, is a watch just the size of a fourpenny piece, the entire back encrusted with jewels; there is a large diamond for the centre, a circle of rubies next, and then closely set brilliants to fill the back, and also a run of diamonds round the face of the watch; this hangs from a handsome long-shaped brooch or pendant in fine rubies and diamonds, and the whole is sold for fifty guineas! The firm are the makers to the Admiralty, which speaks for itself as to the excellence of their goods, and all their timekeepers are guaranteed.

One of the oldest firms in the Metropolis is that of Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the Queen's wine merchants. The firm's business is now carried on at 155, Regent Street, where they have a remarkable series of vaults hewn in the sand, going far under the surrounding streets, packed round to secure coolness in summer and warmth in winter, and in every respect suited for the fine stock of vintages that they hold. There is nothing in which it is more difficult for a purchaser to judge value for himself than wine. The only way to be sure of securing the most wholesome and the best quality is by going to a firm with a good reputation to maintain. Messrs. Hedges and Butler have maintained theirs since the year after the great fire of London—and there is still a descendant of the original heads of the firm engaged in the practical direction of its affairs. They are by special appointment the wine merchants to the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

A glorious array of cakes and biscuits is made by the famous firm of Peek, Frean and Co. Sugared cakes of every variety in pretty boxes are ready to delight the eyes and the palates of the most refined lovers of sweeties. A delicious cake covered with cocoanut is the "Ceylon"; the "Sicily" is beautifully covered with sugar icing, on which a pretty red-and-white floral design is worked; the cushion cake has a sweet pink icing and a noble spray of flowers in white sugar; the iced holiday cake is a charming spray of fern and a butterfly on a pink sugar ground. But how can the pen describe



Heador

A TEA-GOWN.

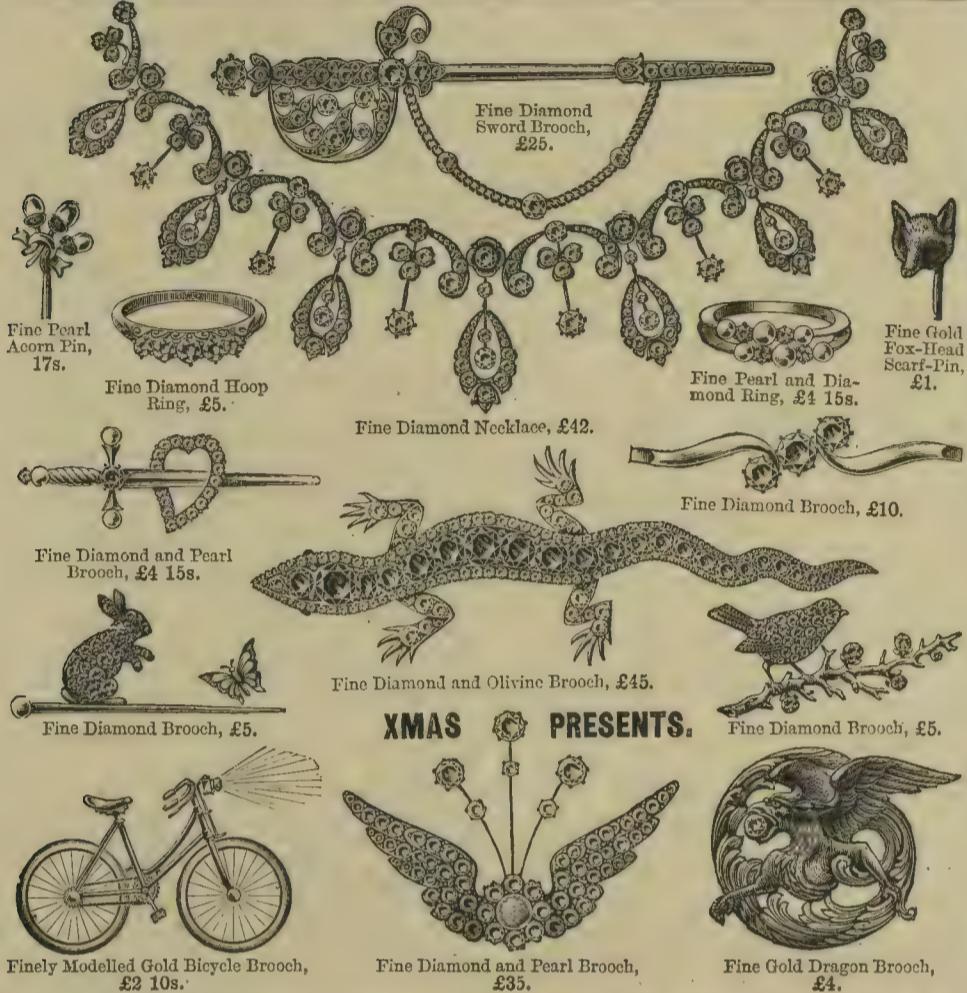
the number and variety? Every first-class grocer's shop will set them forth for the coming season, and happy the child and lucky the tea-table that is presented with one—with any one. Then the biscuits! Some are in pretty fancy tins, a permanent possession for the sideboard. A novelty is biscuits for the little folks, put up in children's coloured pails, that will amuse the nursery long after the contents are consumed.

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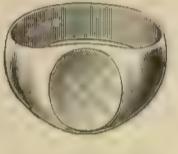
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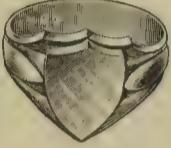
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complete in case

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## CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.  
W BIDDLE.—We hope you will overcome your constructive difficulties with the problem in hand.

H B JACKSON (Telau, Fiji).—Your amended problem is to hand. We are much obliged for your trouble in advising us of the error, which you have doubtless seen by this time was already detected.

H D O'BERNARD.—Your problem with the White King at Q 2nd is doubly cooked by 1. Q to K 6th (ch) and 1. Kt takes Kt (ch). The others appear correct, but the play is not subtle enough. White's force is too obviously engaged in giving mate.

D MACKAY.—Both are good, and shall appear.

**CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2742** received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2744, from Thomas H Butler (Providence, U.S.A.) and Thomas E Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2745 and No. 2746, from Thomas H Butler (Providence); of No. 2747, from E Arthur (Exmouth), H S Brandreth (Tunis), J W Thurnham, M A (Borden School), T G Ross (Tipperary), and C E M (Ayr); of No. 2748, from R Worts (Canterbury), H Marsland (Cloverley), John M'Robert (Crossgar, county Down), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W Jennings (Plymouth), J Baileya (Newark), J D Tucker (Leeds), and Miss D Gregson (Manchester).

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2749** received from F James (Wolverhampton), W R Railean, Alpha, J D Tucker (Leeds), R Worts (Canterbury), Dr F St Shadforth, F L Gilliespie, J F Moon, L Desanges, Bluet, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J P Langley (Olney), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Castle Lea, T G Ross (Tipperary), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Twynam (Bournemouth), C V Armitage (Tooting), C E M (Ayr), T Chown, F P Thompson, Sorrento, J Lake, Ralph (Purley), Meursius (Brussels), E P Vuliamy, Frank Proctor, G J Veal, T Batty (Colchester), G T Hughes (Portsmouth), Charles Burnett, and J Sowden.

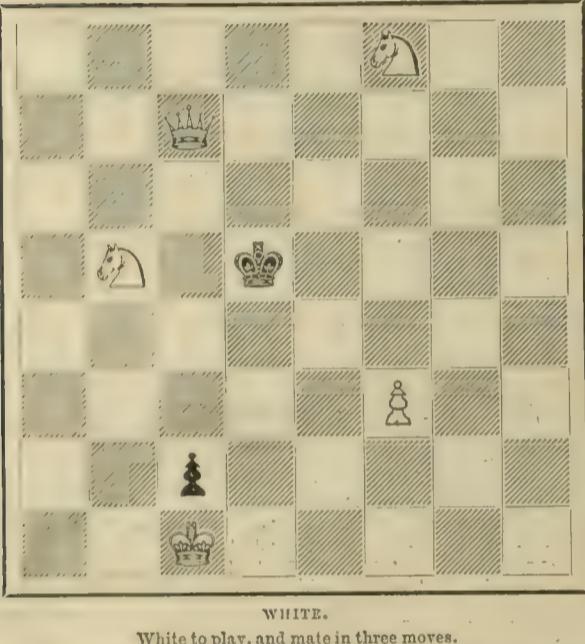
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2748.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. 1. R to Kt 7th. BLACK. Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

**PROBLEM NO. 2751.**  
By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



## CHESS IN BUDAPEST.

Game played between Messrs. T. HEYDA and E. SMAGRORICO. (Buy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Kt takes Kt	An admirable coup. White now obtains three pieces for the Queen, with a splendid attack; more than a full equivalent.
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. Kt to B 6th	Q to Q 2nd
3. B to Kt 6th	P to Q R 3rd	15. K Kt takes B (ch)	K to R sq
4. B to R 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Q R takes Kt	Kt to Kt sq
5. Castles	P to Q Kt 4th	17. P to K 5th	
6. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
8. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P		
9. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd		
10. B to Kt 5th	Castles		
11. R to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th		
12. Kt to Q 6th	Kt to K 4th		

Not much good; but it is difficult to foresee the line of White's fine afterplay.

## CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Game played at the Brussels Chess Club between Messrs. De HOUSTEIN and De MEURS.

(Greco Counter Gambit).

WHITE (Mr. De H.)	BLACK (Mr. De M.)	WHITE (Mr. De H.)	BLACK (Mr. De M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	An excellent move, greatly strengthening Black's position. Had he played P to Q 5th, threatening P to Q 6th, White would have answered with Kt to Q 5th, so getting rid of the powerful Bishop with a good game.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th	15. B to Kt 4th	Castles
3. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	16. B takes B (ch)	R takes B
4. B to B 4th	P takes P	17. P to Q R 3rd	P to K 6th
5. Kt to B 7th	Q to K 2nd		
6. Kt takes R	P to Q 4th		
7. B to K 2nd			

Necessary, as B to Kt 5th is threatened.

8. P to Q Kt 3rd

The exposure of the Rook to attack in this manner is certainly unadvisable. P to Q 3rd is the correct reply.

9. Mr. De H.

10. B to Kt 2nd

11. B to Q Kt 5th

12. B to K 2nd

13. B takes Kt

14. Kt to Q B 3rd

This virtually settles matters, as the Pawn cannot be taken. Black's play throughout has been very clever.

15. Castles

16. B takes B (ch)

17. P to K 6th

Black wins.

## SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By A. CORRIAS.

White: K at K 7th, Q at Q Kt 2nd, R at Q Kt 4th, P at K R 2nd, Q B 3rd, Q R 4th, and K Kt 6th.

Black: K at K 4th, P at K B 4th, K 6th, Q 4th, Q 7th, and Q Kt 1st.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 2.—By C. PLANCK.

White: K at K sq, Q at Q Kt sq, R at Q B 6th, Kts at Q 5th and K B 4th, P at K Kt 3rd and K R 4th.

Black: K at K 4th, P at K 3rd, Q 3rd, K R 2nd, and K R 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 3.—By V. MARIN.

White: K at K Kt sq, Q at K B 8th, R at K Kt 6th, B at K R 3rd, Kts at K B 6th and K 6th, P at K B 3rd and Q B 3rd.

Black: K at K 4th, R at K R 5th, Kt at Q Kt sq, P at K Kt 6th, K Kt 7th, K 2nd, and Q B 2nd.

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 4.—By JOHN CRUM.

White: K at Q R 5th, Q at Q Kt 4th, R at K R 6th, B at K Kt sq and K B 5th, Kts at Q 4th and Q B 6th, P at Q 3rd, Q Kt 2nd, and K B 4th.

Black: K at Q 4th, B at K 4th and Q B 5th, Kts at Q 7th and K Kt 4th, P at Q B 2nd, Q Kt 6th, and K 6th.

White to play and mate in two moves.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1891), with two codicils (dated May 7, 1892, and Jan. 7, 1893), of the Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Benson, the widow, Arthur Christopher Benson, the son, and the Bishop of Dover, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,275. The testator bequeaths £500 Four per Cent. New Brunswick debentures, £420 Four per Cent. debenture stock Buenos Ayres Western Railway, and £450 money lent, upon trust, to pay the excess, if any, of the valuation of the reparations of Lambeth Palace and Addington over the amount to be paid by his successor for furniture, pictures, and live stock; and to divide the remainder in equal shares between the "Archbishops' Assyrian Mission," the augmentation of the incomes of some poor benefices in the diocese of Canterbury under the patronage of the Archbishop, and the augmentation of a fund which he placed in the hands of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury for the payment of the honorarium to Honorary Canons preaching their turns in Canterbury Cathedral. Each of these bequests is to be recorded as "Archbishop Benson's gift." Any increment which may have arisen in the above funds from the increased value of the investments is to go with the residue of his estate. He also bequeaths £500 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; and there are numerous pecuniary and specific bequests to his successor, the Archbishop's library at Lambeth, brothers, sisters, chaplains, children, friends, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during widowhood. He then gives £5750 each to his sons Arthur Christopher and Robert Hugh; £4250 to his son Edward Frederic; £6250 to his daughter, Margaret; and the ultimate residue to his four children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 5, 1892), with two codicils (dated Aug. 8, 1893 and Aug. 15, 1896), of Mr. Joseph Webster Prince, the proprietor of "Short's," 333, Strand, and of Brickwood, Croydon, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Dec. 9 by Frederick Blackmore Etheridge and Jeffery Edwards Michelmore, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £289,646. The testator gives his leasehold house, Brickwood, with the furniture and effects, carriage and horses, and any money therein to his unmarried daughters; £100 each to the Croydon General Hospital and the Shadwell Children's Hospital; £100 each to his sisters; an annuity of £30 to his housekeeper at 333, Strand, and very many legacies to his employés. The residue of his property is to be held upon trust for all his children equally.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1892), with a codicil (dated Nov. 26 following), of Mr. John Snowdon Henry, J.P., D.L., M.P. for South-East Lancashire 1868-74, of 9, Onslow Square, and of East Dene, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 3 by Lawrence William Adamson, John Edward Gordon, and Ashley Henry Maude, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £87,114. The testator gives £1000, his wines and consumable stores, horses,

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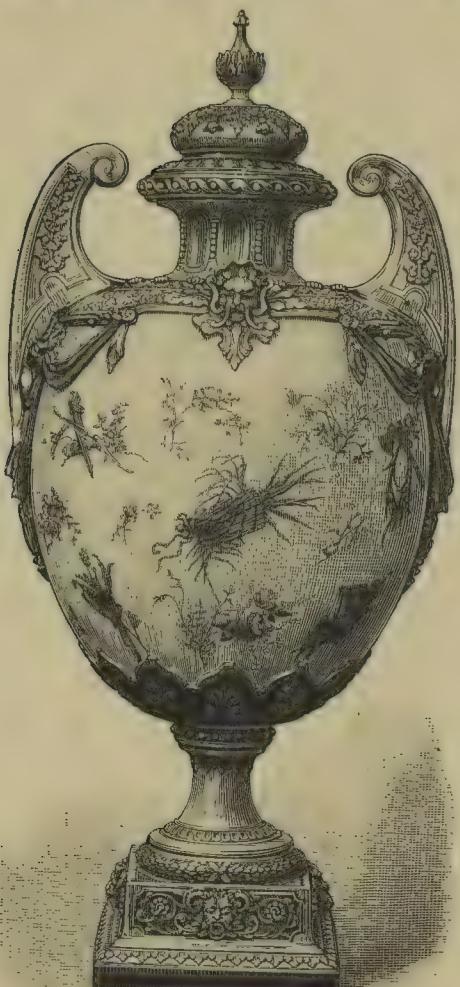
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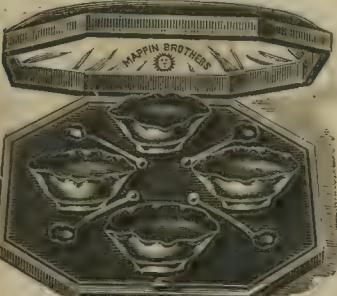
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carriages, greenhouse plants, and gardening effects to his wife, Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Henry; his furniture and effects at East Dene and any other residence he may have to his wife, for life; his residence, East Dene, and all other his hereditaments in the Isle of Wight to his wife during widowhood; £1000 to his cousin, Oliver Ramsay Brush; £500 each to his executors; £500 each to the daughters of his late daughter, Emma Constance Maude; £500 each to Lionel Hugh Kemmure Stotherd, Sidney Boyle Stotherd, Edward Augustus Wood Stotherd, Charles Egremont Stotherd, Elizabeth Anna Stotherd, and Caroline Frances Ethel Stotherd; £100 to his goddaughter, Hilda Wemys; and all family portraits (except portraits of children) to his brother Mitchell Henry. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then as to part for his daughter Elizabeth Anna Gordon, for her life, and then for her children, and as to the other part for the children of his deceased daughter, Emma Constance Maude. The value of the properties settled upon his daughters are to be brought into account, so that each daughter's family will receive an equal benefit.

The will (dated May 7, 1896) of Mr. James Whitehead, of Brindle Lodge, Brindle, Lancashire, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Nov. 14 at the Lancaster District Registry by John Whitehead and Thomas Whitehead, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £183,517. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate between his sons, John, Thomas, Alfred, and Arthur, as tenants in common.

The will (dated May 9, 1891) of Mr. St. George Francis Caulfeild, J.P., of Donamon Castle, Galway, Ireland, who died on Oct. 28 at 13, Cadogan Place, was proved on Dec. 5 by Alfred Henry Caulfeild, the son, and the Right Hon. Emily Susan, Dowager Countess of Lonsdale, the daughter, the value of the personal estate being £73,709. The testator bequeaths £4000, upon trust, to pay off a charge on his estates; £3000 to his son Alfred Henry Caulfeild; £2000 to his daughter the Dowager Countess of Lonsdale; and an annuity of £60 to his servant Louisa Bond. He gives and devises all his estates in the counties of Carlow, Kildare, Kilkenny, and Tipperary to his son; and his estates in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, and all the furniture and effects at Donamon Castle to his grandson, Algernon Thomas St. George Caulfeild. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife, the Hon. Susan Caulfeild, but should she predecease him, one fourth thereof is to go to his son, one fourth to his said daughter, one fourth to his grandson Algernon, and the remaining one fourth to the children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Fanny Florence Williams.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Jan. 25, 1886) of Mr. Alexander Mitchell, J.P., of the firm of Edmiston and Mitchells, merchant, of 22, Belhaven Terrace, Glasgow, who died on Sept. 24, granted to Alexander Watt, Robert Arthur Lockhart, Stewart Murray, and William Wilson Naismith, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 8, the value

of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £60,251.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1860) of Mr. James Fordham Harriss, of Bargrove, Frant Road, Tunbridge Wells, and formerly of Moor House, Limpsfield, Surrey, who died on Oct. 7, was proved on Nov. 28 by Mrs. Ellen Maria Van Harriss, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £48,471. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1885) of Mr. Woodforde Ffooks Woodforde, of Long Melford, Suffolk, and formerly of Woodend, Cromford, Derby, Judge of the Derbyshire County Court, who died on Aug. 11, has been proved by W. Beadon Woodforde and Edward Woodforde, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,268. The testator gives £100 and his household furniture, etc., carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Anne Oliver Woodforde. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for her during her widowhood, and then as to one eighth thereof to his daughter Florence Elizabeth, and the ultimate residue between his children Edward, Lionel Burnet, Herbert Chamberlaine, Edith Ann, Adelia Frances, and Emily Catherine, in equal shares, his son, W. Beadon Woodforde, having been already provided for.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1896) of Major-General Edward Lacon Omannay, of 111, Warwick Road, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Nov. 27 by Colonel Edward Lacon Omannay, the son, and James

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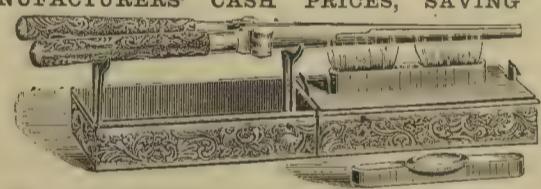
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Richly Chased Solid Silver-Mounted Hair-Brush,  
Full Size, £1 6s. 6d. Medium Size, £1 5s. 6d.



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Elegantly Chased Solid Silver Lamp. Height to Burner, 10 in. Complete, with Silk Shade and Support, £9.



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Silver-Mounted Crystal Glass Wine-Bottle, 14s.



Solid Leather Case, containing a Pair of Solid Silver-Mounted Military Hair-Brushes, Hat-Brush, Cloth-Brush, and Silver-Mounted Tortoiseshell Comb, £3 15s.

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(The GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory and Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company).

Dolphin, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £14,533. The testator gives his plate, glass, books, and household furniture to his son, and subject thereto leaves all his property between his children in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Thomas Goodall-Copestake, J.P., of Kirk Langley, Derby, who died on June 12, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Ann Goodall-Copestake, the widow, and Walter Goodall-Copestake, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £11,229.

The will of Mr. Felix Delany, of 14, Pembroke Square, late of the King's Dragoon Guards, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Nov. 27 by Miss Mary Morris, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £10,582.

The will and codicil of Mr. George Montgomery Traherne, J.P., of Coedriglan Park, near Cardiff, who died at Brighton on March 10, were proved on Dec. 5 by Mrs. Harriet Traherne, the widow and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £9859.

The will of Mr. Christopher Cradock, of Hartforth, York, who died on June 18, has been proved by Captain Sheldon William Keith Cradock, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £9554.

The will of Surgeon-General William Munro, C.B., of 64, West Cromwell Road, Kensington, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 5 by Mrs. Dora Laidlaw Munro, the widow, and Harcourt Palmer Landon, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5633.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Victorian Era Exhibition, to be held in London next year in commemoration of her Majesty's attainment of the longest reign in English history, seems likely to be a very vast affair, as, indeed, it must be if it is to be at all representative. A circular recently sent by the Associated Chambers of Commerce with the announcement that Sir Stafford Northcote is to be the Chairman of the commercial and industrial section of the Exhibition, states that the object of that section is to bring together exhibits illustrating the progress in all branches of British trade which has been made since the Queen's accession. All exhibits of sufficient importance from this point of view are to be admitted without any charge for accommodation, so that the countless products of British industry are likely to form a very imposing display.

At the last meeting of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey it was decided that the Abbey should be opened for public services every Sunday evening throughout the year. Mission services are also to be arranged for the months of August and September, when they will be held in the choir during the vacation of its musical occupants.

A certain amount of righteous indignation has naturally been aroused by the report that a British vessel, the steamship *Erasmus*, belonging to the African Association of Liverpool, was fired upon by Liberians while she was off Cape Palmas. The *Erasmus* was just coming to anchor,

when a shot passed between her two masts; her commander, Captain Haynes, despatched a formal protest to the President of Liberia complaining of the danger to British shipping occasioned by such chance firing from Liberian gun-boats. The matter is now in the hands of the Foreign Office.

A report is current, but has not yet received official confirmation, to the effect that Mr. Joseph Choate, a leading member of the New York Bar, and one of the most widely-known legal men of America at the present day, is to be the successor of Mr. Bayard as the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

All who are interested in British art will welcome the decision at which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been able to arrive with regard to the Government grant towards the British Art Gallery at the Brussels Exhibition. The Government has now undertaken, in accordance with the suggestion of Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., to grant £1500 towards the total expense, which is estimated at £4500. The balance will probably have to be met out of the private purse of patriotic subscribers.

The typhoid-oyster scare does not seem to have injured the popularity of the Kentish "native" at all permanently, for the prospects of the Whitstable and the Ham and Seafalter Companies have taken a very promising complexion from the favourable reports of the Local Government

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when a shot passed between her two masts; her commander, Captain Haynes, despatched a formal protest to the President of Liberia complaining of the danger to British shipping occasioned by such chance firing from Liberian gun-boats. The matter is now in the hands of the Foreign Office.

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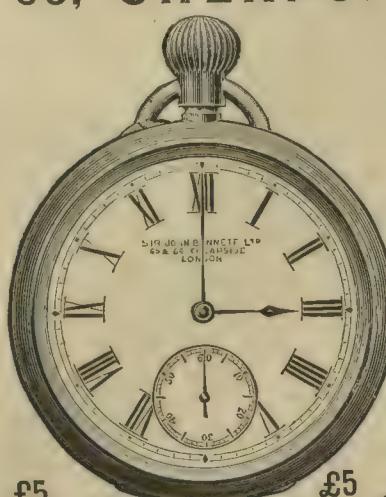


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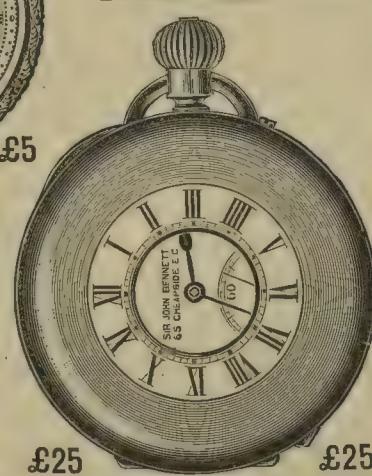
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LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS for distances under 12 miles, issued Dec. 24 and 25, are available for the return journey up to the evening of the following Saturday, and those issued at any time for distances from 12 to 50 miles, eight days; and for distances over 50 miles for one calendar month.

Special Cheap Tickets will be issued on Dec. 24, 25, 26, and 27 to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Dec. 29, as per Special Bills.

**PORTRSMOUTH** and the ISLE OF WIGHT.  
EXTRA TRAINS, Dec. 24 and 25. Fast Trains from Victoria 4.55 p.m., London Bridge 5 p.m., for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, Cowes, Ryde, and on Dec. 24 and 25 from Victoria 9.20 p.m., London Bridge 9.25 p.m. for Portsmouth and Ryde.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—  
TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEKDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare 10s. 6d., including admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

EVERY SUNDAY and on CHRISTMAS DAY, First-Class Day

Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY, Dec. 24 to 27, to TUESDAY, Dec. 29. Fares 18s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

To HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEKHILL, and EAST-

BOURNE.—Fast Trains every Weekday.

FROM VICTORIA—9.30 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 2.30 p.m.;

also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

CHEAP TICKETS, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday,

Dec. 24 to 27, to Tuesday, Dec. 29, by certain Trains only. To Hastings or St. Leonards, 18s., 13s., 9s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 16s., 11s. 6d., 8s.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—Are now open for the Issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c. —

The Company's West-End Booking Offices: 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.

The Company's City Booking Offices: 6, Arthur Street East, and Hayes' 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.

Cook's' Tourist Offices: Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road.

Jakins': 6, Euston Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Nottting Hill Gate.

Meyers': 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road.

The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Civil Service Supply Association: 136, Queen Victoria Street.

International Sleeping Car Co.'s Travel Bureau, Hotel Cecil.

For Further Particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices.

(By Order) ALLEN SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.** CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE CHEAP RETURN TICKETS between LONDON and SANDLING JUNCTION, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), LYDID, and RYE, issued on Dec. 24, 25, and 26, will be available for the Return Journey up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 29.

CHEAP TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, will be issued from LONDON on Dec. 24, 25, 26, and 27, available for the Return Journey up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 29.

**THURSDAY, DEC. 24.—A FAST LATE TRAIN** to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12.00 midnight, WATERLOO, 12.2 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.5 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.20 a.m.

**CHRISTMAS DAY.**—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

**BANK HOLIDAY, SATURDAY, DEC. 26.**—Several Trains will be withdrawn or altered. Late Trains will run from London. Continental Services as usual.

EXPRESS COLLECTION and DELIVERY of PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE in ADVANCE.—Passengers travelling between certain Stations can have their Luggage collected and forwarded in advance at a charge of One Shilling per Package. This arrangement will be in operation from Dec. 14 to Jan. 31.

For full particulars of Extension of Time for Return Tickets, Collection of Luggage, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.

ALFRED WILLIS, Manager (Passenger Department).

**LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1896.

On WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23, the NIGHT IRISH MAIL due to leave EUSTON at 8.20 p.m. will not leave until 9.5 p.m. The Mail Steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the train at Holyhead.

On THURSDAY, DEC. 24, Special Train will be run from WILLESDEN JUNCTION at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Rugby, principal Stations on the Trent Valley Line, and Stafford, in 12.5 to 14.45 p.m. Ordinary Train from Euston; and from EUSTON at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham.

The NIGHT IRISH MAIL, due to leave EUSTON at 8.20 p.m., will not leave until 9.5 p.m. The Mail Steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the Train at Holyhead.

The 12 NIGHT TRAIN from London (EUSTON), due at Warrington at 5.20 a.m. on Friday, Dec. 25, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary weekdays.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—A Special Train will leave EUSTON at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, and Holyhead Line, Ireland, Lancaster, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. The DAY IRISH MAIL (6.45 a.m. from Dublin, W. Row), will leave Holyhead for Chester at 11.30 a.m. and be extended to London, arriving at Euston at 6.20 p.m. Other Trains will run on Sundays. The Dining Saloons which run on Sundays between London and Liverpool and Manchester will not run on Christmas Day.

On BANK HOLIDAY, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, the 9.20 a.m. Express from London to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, WILL NOT RUN; Passengers will be conveyed by the 9.30 a.m. Train from Euston, arriving at Birmingham at 12.15 noon. The 12 noon Express from London to Manchester WILL NOT RUN; Passengers will be conveyed by the 12.10 noon Train. The 4.30 p.m. London (Euston) to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will also be discontinued, and Passengers will be conveyed by the 5 p.m. Train, except the Train for Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., who must travel by the 3 p.m. Train from Euston. Numerous Residential Trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run.

The Dining Saloons between London, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Liverpool, and Manchester, will not be run on Bank Holiday, but the Corridor Dining Car Trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the Breakfast and Luncheon Cars on the Day Irish Mail Trains, will be run as usual.

For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company. London, December 1896. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

**GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.**

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

DEC. 21, 22, 23, and 24, additional trains will be run to meet requirements of traffic. The 10.30 p.m. express from King's Cross on Thursday, Dec. 24, will not run beyond Berwick on Christmas Day morning. Thursday, Dec. 24, the 5.0 p.m. express from King's Cross will be continued to Melton Constable, calling at all stations East of Peterborough. A Special Express, at ordinary fares, will leave London (King's Cross) at 12.00 midnight on Thursday, Dec. 24, for Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York, and other places in the North of England.

CHRISTMAS DAY, the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. express from King's Cross (at ordinary fares) will be run to Peterborough, Bourne, Stamford, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued to York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, &c.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

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The German Emperor proposes to celebrate the sixtieth year of his grandmother's reign in a very handsome way. He will give a silver cup, three feet high, to the winner of a race of British yachts from Dover to Heligoland, and will present the cup himself at Kiel. This is prettier than the too-famous telegram to President Kruger.

A new steam fire-engine which has just been brought out by Messrs. Merryweather is particularly well suited for use on country estates. Its distinguishing feature is that the pumps are placed vertically behind the boiler as well as the fire-door, so that the engineer can stoke and raise steam while the machine is on the way to a fire. The engine's capacity is 200 gallons per minute, and, with all its gear, it weighs only 24 cwt. It is simple and can be worked by any man who knows how to work a portable engine.

The Donnellan lecturer at Dublin for 1897-98 is to be the Rev. C. F. d'Arcy, the Rector of Ballymena, and his subject is announced as "Theology and Life." Mr. d'Arcy has published recently a book on the study of ethics, and he has been a contributor to the *Expositor* and other magazines.

#### FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Reviewers have a great many sins to answer for. If they pick the plums out of a book the author shrieks with indignation. The public, he says, has got all of his book they care for in the penny papers. If the critics do not pick out his plums they write reviews *à dormir debout*; and, of course, no one looks any further. "If it is as dull as all that!" the public exclaims, and leaves the volumes alone.

Well, I will admit that the common or newspaper reviewer does not seem, as a rule, to be exactly a literary enthusiast. The compositors, I presume, are seldom excited by what they have to "set up," and the reviewer is rarely concerned about what he has to set down. He regards his task with no more joy than the ordinary parson regards his sermon. It has got to be done somehow, and there is an end of it.

All this is so natural that nobody should blame the poor bored reviewer. He is also attacked, in these latter

days, for selling the books on which he has maundered, and selling them "at an immense reduction." But surely the critic sends back his books to his editor. It would be too awful if one had to keep all the books sent for review! The waste-paper basket is where I put any of mine that I do not return joyfully to their source. A few are worth sending to parish libraries, but not many.

Again, books sent for review are found with uncut leaves. The fierce author complains that they have never been read. He does not reflect that a critic may have several copies of the same book. One he may have bought (the thing has occurred in my own experience); one the author may have sent; others may have dropped in from journals. Is a man to cut the pages of all these examples? His object is to get them out of his house, keeping one copy (the cut one) if it is worth keeping.

Mr. Maskelyne is the king of conjurers. I wonder if he could do this trick. It is "vouched for" (see the *Forum*, October 1896, p. 252) "by the late Colonel Garrick Mallory, of the Bureau of Ethnology" at

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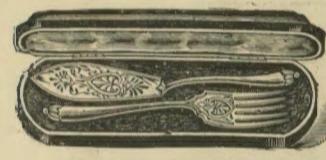
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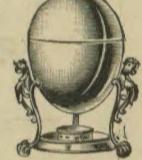
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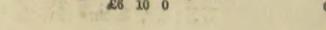
017424—Breakfast Dish, Electro  
Plate, Revolving Cover,  
gin., £4 10 0  
rum, £5 10 0



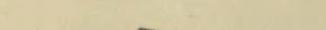
Sterling Silver Inkstand, "Golf."  
£8 10 0



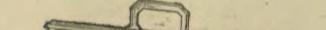
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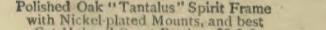
019215—Bijou Fluted Lamp,  
with shade complete,  
£2 2 0



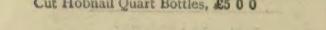
019224—Table Lamp,  
in Electro Plate,  
£3 8 0



019201—Bijou  
Lamp, Chased  
Wedgwood, in  
Electro Plate, £2 5



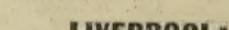
02790—Table  
Candlestick,  
Ster. Sil. £12 12 pr.  
Elec. Pla. £3 10 "



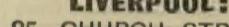
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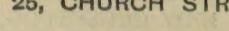
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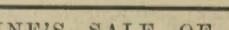
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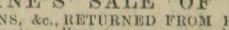
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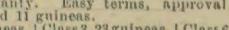
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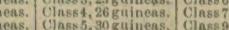
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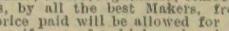
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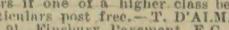
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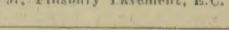
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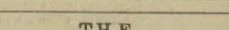
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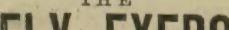
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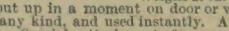
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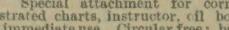
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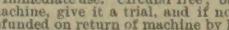
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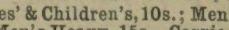
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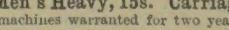
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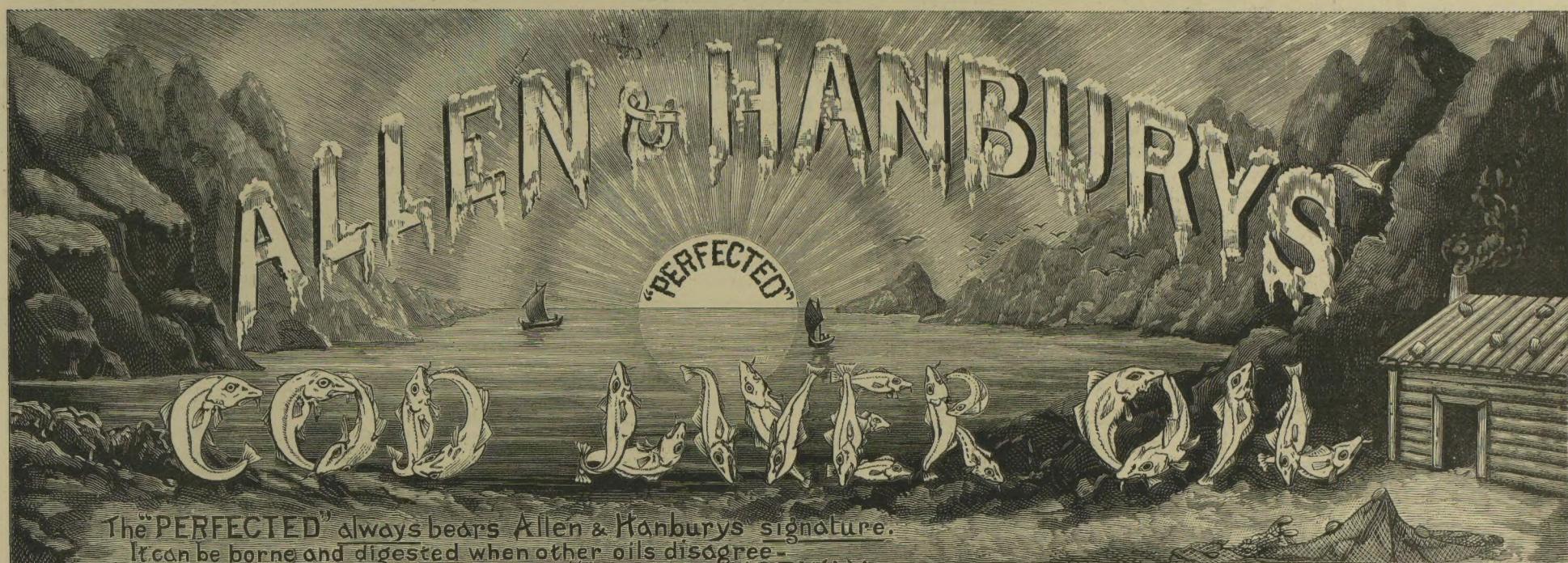
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Washington, which publishes its reports with the Smithsonian Institute.

The scene was on an Indian Reservation in Wisconsin, and a Shaman, or medicine man, or Jossakeed, or pow-wow, was the performer. "The Shaman was tied up . . . then a fish-net was tied above his clothes, enveloping the whole person, and horse-bells were attached to his body, so as to indicate any motion. . . . When examined afterwards, his clothes had been stripped from his person, the nets, ropes, and bells placed in a separate pile in the lodge, and the clothing was found by direction under a designated tree, *a mile off*." Mr. Vance, who quotes this feat, thinks that it beats

civilised conjuring. I shall try to procure Colonel Mallory's full report, for the extract gives none of the conditions. Were the spectators in the lodge (which precisely answers to the conjurer's "cabinet") if a "Medicine Lodge" is meant. Was the lodge watched from outside? Was it dark? On the whole, I would back Mr. Maskelyne to beat this trick, so far as the citation in the *Forum* goes.

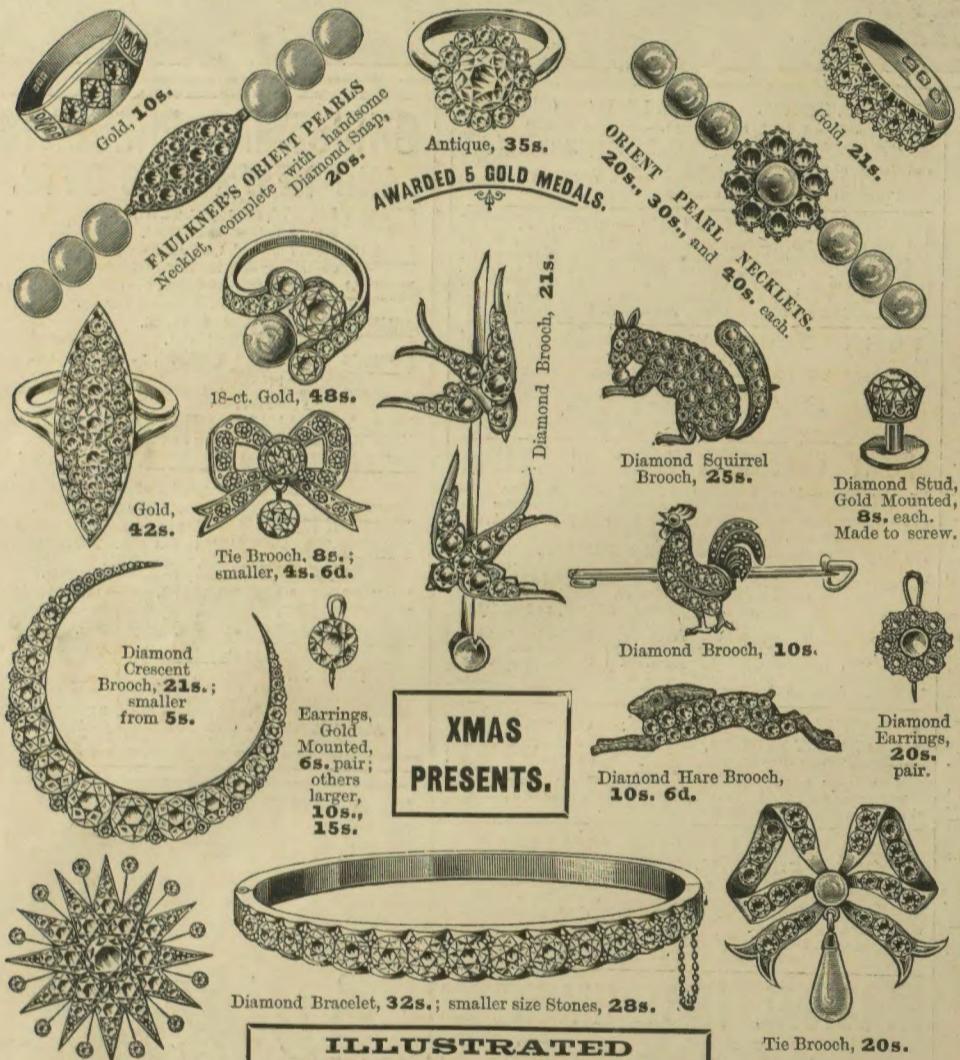
In Mr. Grinnell's book on the Pawnees he gives, on the authority of the United States superintendent of that tribe, a better performance. The medicine man plants maize seeds at one end of a lodge—that is, a habitable lodge—retires to the opposite extremity, sings, and lo! the maize plant rises, and bears corn-cobs, which were

carried away by European spectators. This beats the mango-tree trick, in which the plant is several times hidden from view, a more developed plant being substituted on each occasion. Mr. Maskelyne, I think, described the processes, which were distinctly visible to the naked eye, when an Indian conjurer, some years ago, exhibited his art in England.

I lately was told of a good trick by an English gentleman who viewed it. An Egyptian snake-charmer was taken into an hotel, was stripped and searched. Then he was told to summon snakes, after being dressed again. He made the peculiar noise of his craft, and he certainly did produce snakes, but he always fetched them out of some

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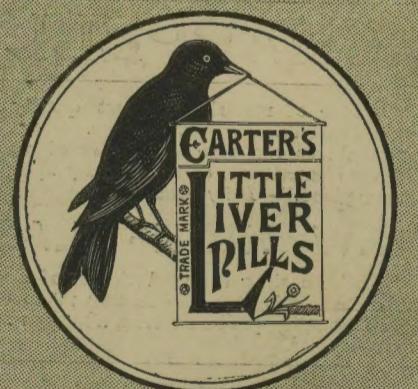
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